THE

MELODIES OF LIFE.

NEW COLLECTION OF

WORDS AND MUSIC

FOR THE

CHOIR, CONGREGATION,

AND

SOCIAL CIRCLE.

BY

S. W. TUCKER.

Author of various musical publications.

BOSTON:
COLBY AND RICH, PUBLISHERS,
[illegible] ST. [illegible] MONTGOMERY PL.,
1884

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PREFACE.

By the request of friends we bring before the lovers of song another collection of words and music in which are combined "Golden Melodies" and "Spiritual Echoes," with the addition of many new pieces never before published, making in all a book of one hundred and twenty pages. We have tried to comply with the wishes of others by writing easy and pleasing melodies, and in selecting such words as will be acceptable to mortals and find a response with the angels who may join us in the singing of them.

S. W. TUCKER.

No weeping there.

S. W. T. S. W. T.

1. 'Tis sweet to think of go-ing home, To dwell with dear ones gone before;
2. There happy souls from earth set free, No heart-felt grief can ev-er know,
3. We soon will plume our wings and soar Away that heav'nly land to view,

And in that land for-ev - er roam, Where parting tears are seen no more.
While streams of bliss by high decree, Thro' ev- 'ry chan-nel on-ward flow.
And there unite in love once more, With kindred spir - its ev - er true.

CHORUS. *Repeat chorus pp for last verse.*

There'll be no weep - ing, There'll be no weep - ing;

Oh! bliss - ful re - gion, There'll be no weep - ing there.

I shall know his Angel name.

Words by Mrs. M. Sawyer. S. W. Tucker.

1. There's a dear one crossed the river, Gone to meet the shin-ing shore,
2. I have wander'd in the woodlands, When the summer's green hung there;
3. When we gather at the fire side, Oft I lin - ger by the chair,

Gone to join the lov'd for - ev - er; Gone to languish nev - er - more,
List'ning to the wond'rous voices, Breathing in the at - mos-phere,
Where he sat, and tho' 'tis vacant, To my eyes I know he's there;

Gone to learn the hap - py music, Of the spi - rit's glad refrain,
Thinking I might catch the e-cho, Wafted in some charming strains,
For a - bove my burdened spirit, Floats a dear and oft sung strain,

Tell me, oh! ye bending guardians, Do ye know his an - gel name.
Of his voice or one fa - mil - iar, Telling me his an - gel name.
By him on the earth, but nev - er Telling me his an - gel name.

WE SHALL MEET ON THE BRIGHT CELESTIAL SHORE.

Words and Music by S. W. Tucker.

1. We shall meet beyond the ri-ver, All the loved ones gone before;
2. We shall meet in that bright arbor, Where an-gel-ic lays are heard;

We shall meet no more to sever, On the bright cel-es-tial shore.
There the weary find a har-bor, And no heart with grief is stirr'd.

Chorus.

Then we'll meet, ne'er to part, When the boatman takes us o'er;
ne'er to part, ne'er to part,

We shall meet a-gain the pure in heart, On the bright ce-les - tial shore.

3. We shall meet beyond the billows,
Where no storm can o'er us beat,
And we'll rest on downy pillows,
Such as none but angels keep.

4. We shall meet beyond the river,
And partake of the repast,
That the kind immortal giver,
Will prepare for us at last.

Angel Care.

Words by D. P. MARCYES, Esq. S. W. TUCKER.

1. Soft and low those angel voi - ces, Come, to breathe in love a prayer,
2. Come, to breathe on us a blessing, As in har - mo-ny we meet,
3. Come, to make our burdens lighter, By their teaching how to live,
4. Come, to lead us on for - ev - er, Up pro-gression's shining road,

And the wea - ry heart re-joic - es, In sweet tho'ts of an - gel care.
And with friendly hands caress - ing Us, as we their presence greet.
Teachings purer, bet-ter, brighter, Than our earthly friends can give.
Where the soul shall weary never, 'Midst the wond'rous works of God.

CHORUS.

Go - ing with us, car - ing for us, As life's journey we pursue,

Going with us, car - ing for us, Till our distant homes we view.

They'll Welcome us Home.

S. W. T. S. W. T.

1. When earth shall claim these forms of clay, And we cease this cold world to roam,

'Tis then we'll hear the an - gels say, We welcome you, welcome you home.

CHORUS.

Joy - ous then will that meeting be, With the dear ones who've gone be - fore,

Ev - er to dwell where all are free, And the mourner is seen no more.

2

We're moving down the stream of time,
To the port where no surges foam,
We'll anchor in a fairer clime,
And angels will welcome us home.
Joyous then, &c.

3

A summons from the courts above,
To us mortals ere long will come;
And we'll respond in tones of love,
For angels will welcome us home.
Joyous then, &c.

Beautiful Angels are waiting for me.

Words by S. W. T. S. W. TUCKER.

1. My days are not ma - ny, my moments but few,
2. They're ringing the bells in the in - fin - ite dome,
3. I've ma - ny a loved one now treading the shore,
4. The mur - mur - ing stream - let is hum - ming the song,

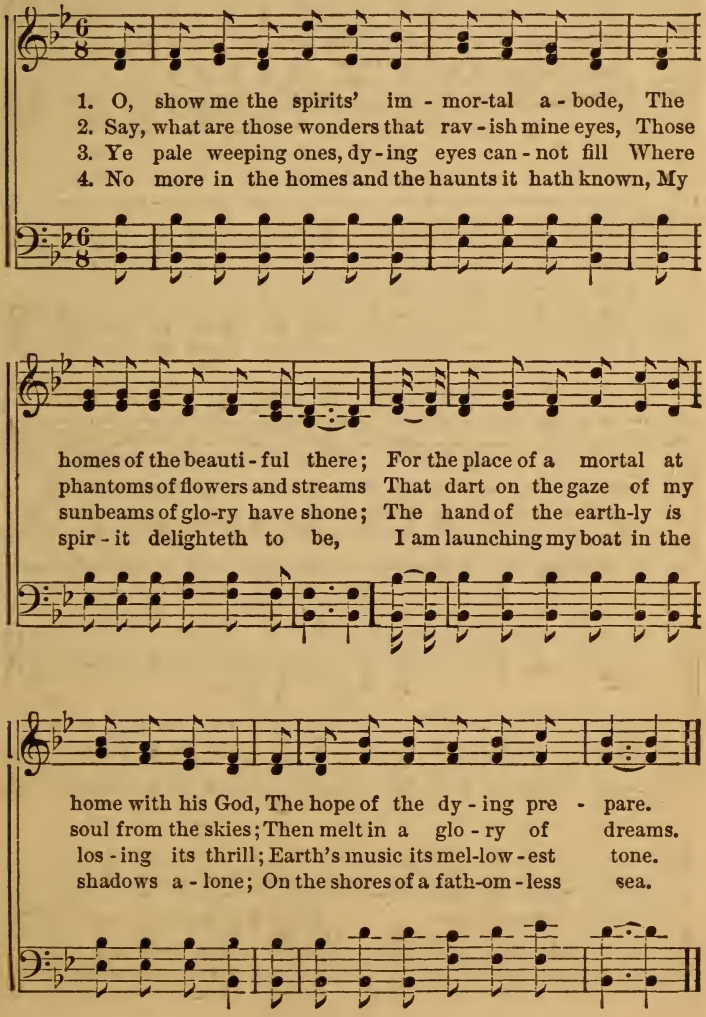
Ye loved ones in earth life to tar - ry with you;
That sum - mons me hence to my heav - en - ly home;
Where am - a - ranths blos - som to with - er no more;
Of time on its pas - sage to bear me a - long;

I'm called to my home on the ev - er - green lea,
Yet not far a - way is my dwelling to be,
They beckon me o - ver the riv - er to see,
Where pilgrims from bon - dage for - ev - er are free;

Where beau - ti - ful an - gels are wait - ing for me.
Where beau - ti - ful an - gels are wait - ing for me.
The beau - ti - ful an - gels there wait - ing for me.
And beau - ti - ful an - gels are wait - ing for me.

Looking Beyond.

Words by Rev. A. J. Lockhart. S. W. Tucker.



Not Yet.

Words by Mrs. M. J. WENTWORTH. S. W. TUCKER.

1. Not yet can I sing like the wild bird, Whose heart is with summer at - tune:

When the perfume of li - lacs and ros - es, Make fragrant the breezes of June:

For birds on - ly sing in their glad-ness At morn, or 'mid splendor of day.

But their notes have an ech-o of sad - ness, 'Neath evening's pavilion of gray.

2

Not yet can I chant like the river,
That murmurs along in its glee;
While telling to meadow and wildwood,
A tale of the beautiful sea.
Not yet can I speak in a language,
With musical notes in each tone;
For over my spirit too rudely
The tempests of sorrow have blown.

3

But when I awake in the morning
And soar in the summer land's June,
O then I will sing for you darling,
With harpchords and heaven attune;
'Till then I must sing for you darling,
Like birds at the close of the day;
While I wait for the beautiful morning,
Whose dawn-light is tinging the gray.

Waiting 'mid the Shadows.

Words by Rev. A. J. Lockhart. S. W. Tucker.

1. Waiting 'mid the shadows, patient, faithful still: Doing and en-dur-ing
2. Waiting 'mid the shadows, while thro' gates of dawn, Triumphing, rejoicing,
3. Waiting 'mid the shadows, yet not all a - lone, Thou art my companion,
4. Waiting 'mid the shadows, thro' the lone-ly years, Breaking bread in sorrow

my good Master's will, Waiting till the tri - al shall my soul re - pine,
my beloved have gone: Vacant in the homestead shall their place re- main,
bright and Ho - ly One: Thou amidst the des - ert, fountains have unsealed,
moisten'd with my tears: Restless on my pil - low, till the dawn - ing gray,

Chorus.

Till the clouds shall scatter, and the sun shall shine. Waiting 'mid the shadows,
But beyond the shadows we shall meet a-gain.
Showing me thro' darkness glo - ries un - re - veal'd.
Wait-ing one who wip-eth all my tears a - way.

'tis my Master's will, Waiting 'mid the shadows, watching, waiting still.

Longing for Home.

Words by JOHN MCPHERSON. S. W. TUCKER.

1. Touch, minstrel, touch thy lute for me, And wake thy voice of song;
2. Sing on, sing on, I love to hear, The strain that wakes the past,
3. Sing on that strain I love the best, Which bids the angels come,

And set my wearied spir - it free, From sor-row suffered long.
And bids the lov'd and young appear, As when we saw them last.
To bear me to my home of rest, My hap - py heavenly home.

CHORUS.

Sweet home, my hap - py heav'nly home.
Sweet home, sweet home,

Sweet home, my hap - py heavenly home.
Sweet home, sweet home,

Come, Gentle Spirits.

S. W. TUCKER.

Andante.

1. Come gentle spir - its to me now, Look on with tender eyes.
2. Come from your homes of per-fect light, Come from your silv'ry streams,
3. Oh, speak to us in gen - tle tones, Our hearts are seeking now,
4. Like ho - ly star-beams on a sea, Filled bright with happy isles,

Touch your soft hand up-on each brow, Sweet spir - its from the skies.
Come from your scenes of joy more bright, Than we e'er know in dreams.
A beau-ty like to that which shines Up - on each an - gel brow.
Whence sul-len streams for-ev-er flee, Where heav'n for-ev - er smiles.

Welcome Angels.

S. W. T.

By per. of L. MARSHALL.

1. Welcome, an-gels pure and bright, Children of the lov - ing light,
2. Welcome mes - sen-gers of God, Teaching not of an - ger's rod;
3. Come, ye from the realms of light, Where the day knows not the night,
4. Oh, we joy to feel you near, Spir - its of the lov'd and dear;

Welcome to our homes on earth; Children of the glo - rious birth.
Love for all earth's wea - ry throng, Is the burden of your song.
Where the gems of love a - lone, Are a-round your spi - rit's throne.
Chains of love a - round us twine, Gems of beauty all divine.

My Arbor of Love.

S. W. T. S. W. Tucker.

1. I'm sail-ing my bark toward the haven of rest,
2. I'll hast-en a - long where the ev - er-greens shade,
3. There bliss that no mor-tal e'er tast - ed be - low,

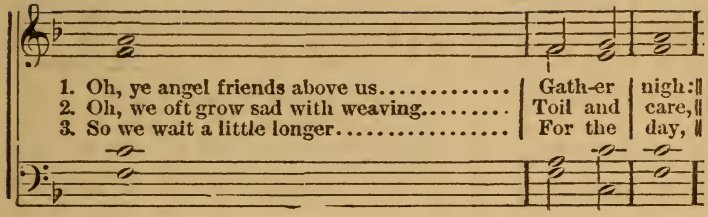
That glo - ri - ous port of the ho - ly and blest,
That beau - ti - ful cot in the op - en - ing glade,
Shall be my al - lot-ment where-ev - er I go,

O'er riv - ers that si - lent - ly bear me a - bove,
There an - gels are watching and waiting to guide
Trans-plant - ed from earth to my heav-en - ly home;

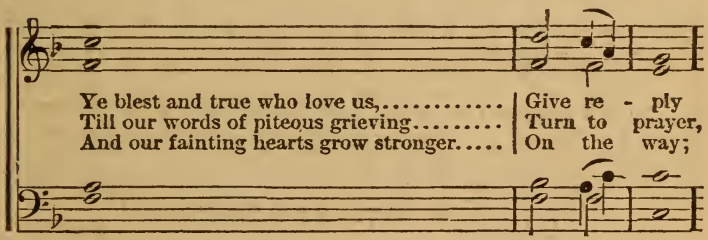
I'm glid - ing a - way to my ar - bor of love.
Me home to my ar - bor, where loved ones a - bide.
With ser-aphs in ec - sta - cy ev - er to roam.

Invocation Chant.

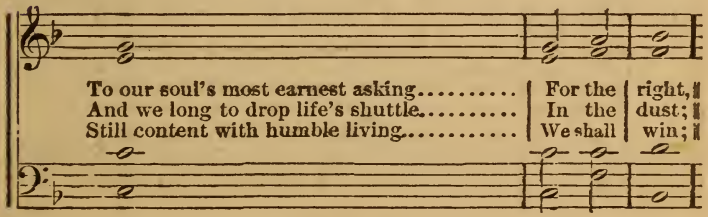
Words by Mrs. M. Sawyer. S. W. Tucker.



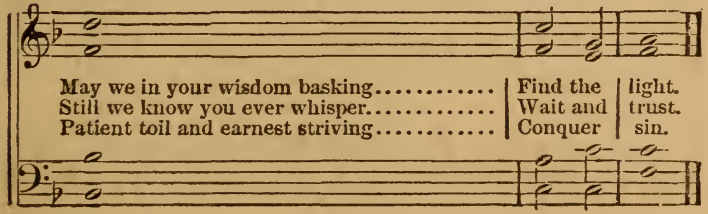
1. Oh, ye angel friends above us..... | Gath-er | nigh:‖
2. Oh, we oft grow sad with weaving..... | Toil and | care,‖
3. So we wait a little longer..... | For the | day, ‖



Ye blest and true who love us,..... | Give re - ply
Till our words of piteous grieving..... | Turn to prayer,
And our fainting hearts grow stronger..... | On the way;



To our soul's most earnest asking..... | For the | right,‖
And we long to drop life's shuttle..... | In the | dust;‖
Still content with humble living..... | We shall | win;‖



May we in your wisdom basking..... | Find the | light.
Still we know you ever whisper..... | Wait and | trust.
Patient toil and earnest striving..... | Conquer | sin.

Repose.

S. W. Tucker.

Affetuoso.

1. There is an hour of hallow'd peace For those with care oppressed,
2. 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears And doubts which here an-noy;
3. There is a home of sweet re-pose, Where storms assail no more;
4. There pu - ri - ty with love ap-pears, And bliss without al - loy;

Where sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease, And all be hushed to rest.
Then they that oft have sown in tears, Shall reap a - gain in joy.
The stream of end - less pleasure flows On that ce - les - tial shore.
There they that oft have sown in tears, Shall reap a - gain in joy.

"Let Men love one Another."

Rev. A. J. Lockhart. S. W. T.

1. Once in the starry midnight time The angels with ce-les tial chime,
2. Let love and peace on earth prevail; The shepherds watching in the dale,
3. Welcome, glad year of ju - bi - lee, The golden reign of char - i - ty;
4. Our words and deeds on hearts of gloom Shall fall like flow'rs of sweet perfume,

Sang, from their dewy twilight clime, Let men love one an - oth-er.
Heard sounding thro' the shad wy vail, Let men love one an - oth-er.
O what a happier world 'twill be When men love one an - oth-er.
And Eden's bow'rs again shall bloom, When men love one an - oth-er.

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

Words by Rev. W. W. Walford, 1849. S. W. Tucker.

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear
3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I thy con - so - la - tion share,

And bids me on my Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes known.
To Him whose truth and faithfulness Engage the waiting soul to bless;
'Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height I view my home, and take my flight.

In seasons of distress and grief My soul has of - ten found relief,
And since He bids me seek His face, Believe His word and trust his grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise To seize the ev - er - lasting prize.

And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of pray'r.
I'll cast on him my every care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
And shout while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell sweet hour of pray'r.

Chant.

Words by Rev A. J. Lockhart. S. W. T.

1. Come to me, Thou who hast the power to save;
2. My God, since Thou my life and por - tion art,
3. My Father, turn not Thou away thine eyes of love,

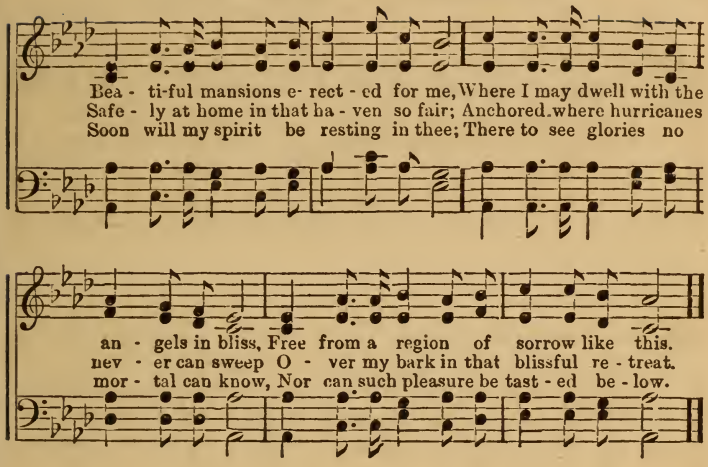
My spirit quicken..... and re store;
Since I have given..... un - to Thee;
So holy,..... so di vine;

And let thy smile shine out upon the wave That bears me to the other shore.
This too unfaithful, too unworthy heart, Com-fort, sustain and strengthen me.
For heaven's supremest, purest pleasure lies In one sweet single smile of Thine.

Looking Over.

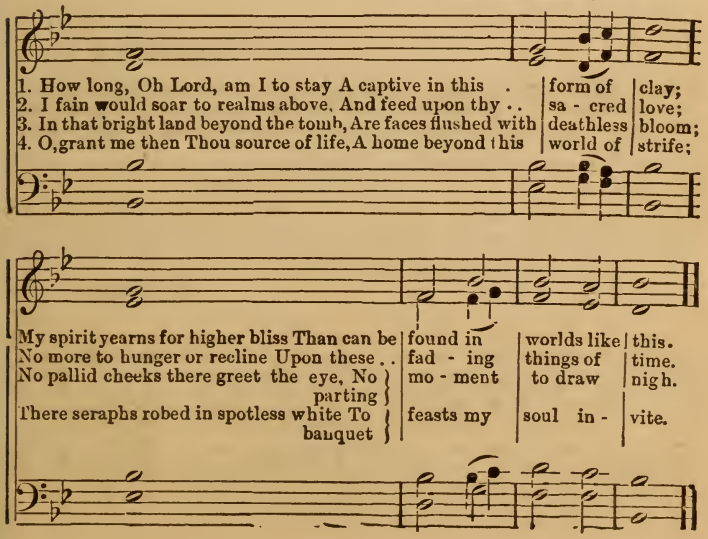
S. W. T. S. W. Tucker.

1. O - ver the riv - er by faith I can see
2. Tran - quil and sweet my re - pose will be there,
3. Land of the bless - ed and port of the free,



Chant.

Words and Music by S. W T.



Gathered Home.

Words and Music by S. W. Tucker.

1. O - ver the ri - ver, an-other has gone, Gone with the angels to
2. O - ver the ri - ver, an-other has gone, In - to the land of e -
3. O - ver the ri - ver, is ad-ded one more To the in-nu-mera-ble

sing a new song; Fondly we'll list for the touch of the lyre;
- ter - ni - ty's dawn; Bathing the soul in the fountain of love
throng on the shore, Waiting to welcome us o - ver the tide,

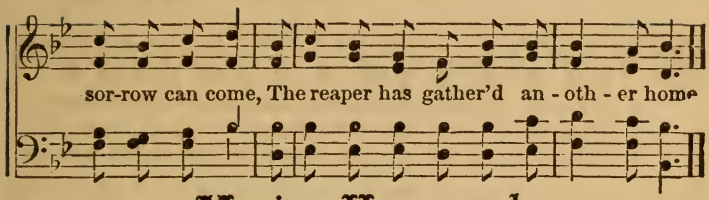
Chorus.

To sound the key-note from the heav'enly choir. O.... .... what
That flows from the in-fin - ite source a - bove.
That we may for-ev - er with them a - bide.

Oh what joy, what

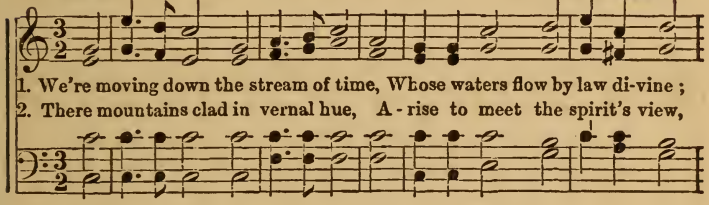
joy,.. what joy to be gathered home, In that bright land where no

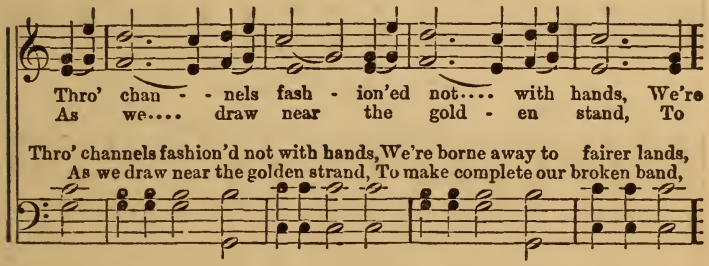
joy to be, what joy to be gather'd home.

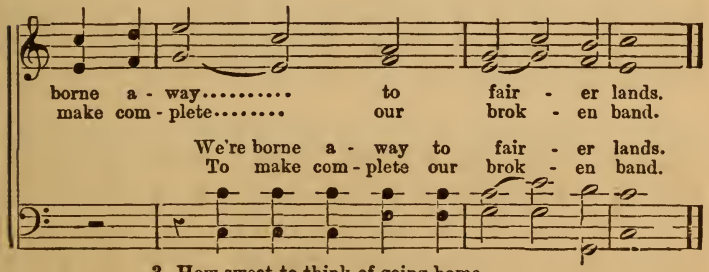


Moving Homeward.

S. W. T. S. W. TUCKER.







3. How sweet to think of going home,
To toss no more on life's rough foam ;
But ever glide o'er seas of bliss,
That find no place in worlds like this.

Strike all your Harps.

Words by Rev. A. J. Lockhart. S. W. Tucker.

1. Strike all your harps, celestial choirs, Let Heaven the song begin!
2. Yet shall the song in heaven a-lone From tongues immortal swell?
3. Yea, we below with ye a-bove Our triumph songs be - gin;

Lift up, ye ev - er - last-ing gates, And let the Victor in!
No, they shall sing his praises, who In earth - ly temples dwell.
Lift up, ye ev - er - last-ing gates, And let the Victor in!

Come up Hither.

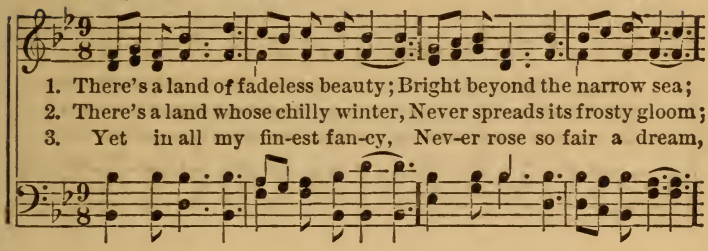
Words by Nevin. S. W. Tucker.

1. Come up hither; come a-way, Thus the ransom'd spi-rits sing;
2. Come up, hither; come and dwell With the liv - ing hosts a - bove;
3. Come up hither, come and share All the sa - cred joys that rise;
4. Come up hither; come and shine, In the robes of spot-less white;

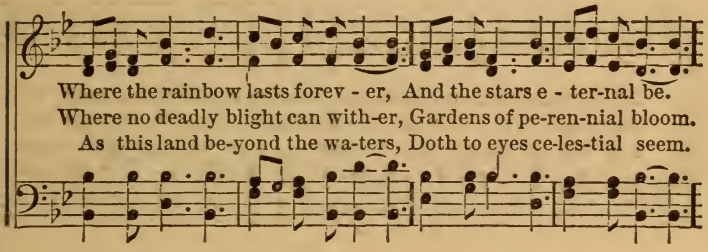
Here is cloudless, endless day, Here is ev - er - last - ing spring
Come and let thy bo-som swell With their burning songs of love.
Like an ocean eve-ry-where, Thro' the myriads of the skies.
Palms and harps, and crowns are thine; Hi-ther, hith - er wing thy flight.

There's a Land of Fadeless Beauty.

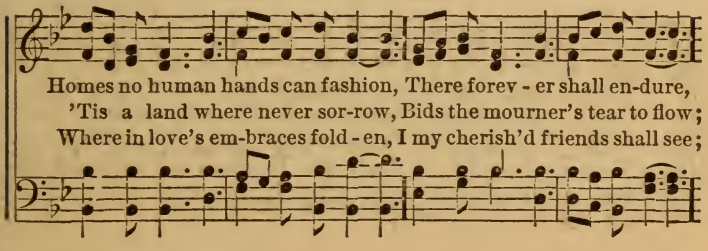
Words by Rev. A. J. Lockhart. S. W. Tucker.



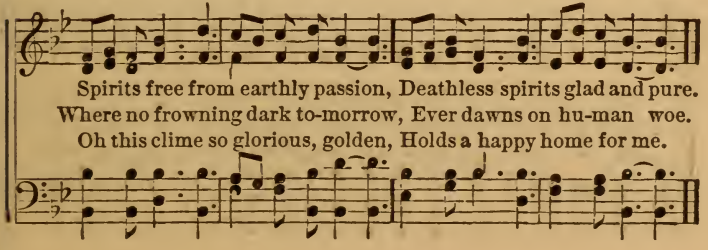
1. There's a land of fadeless beauty; Bright beyond the narrow sea;
2. There's a land whose chilly winter, Never spreads its frosty gloom;
3. Yet in all my fin-est fan-cy, Nev-er rose so fair a dream,



Where the rainbow lasts forev - er, And the stars e - ter-nal be.
Where no deadly blight can with-er, Gardens of pe-ren-nial bloom.
As this land be-yond the wa-ters, Doth to eyes ce-les-tial seem.



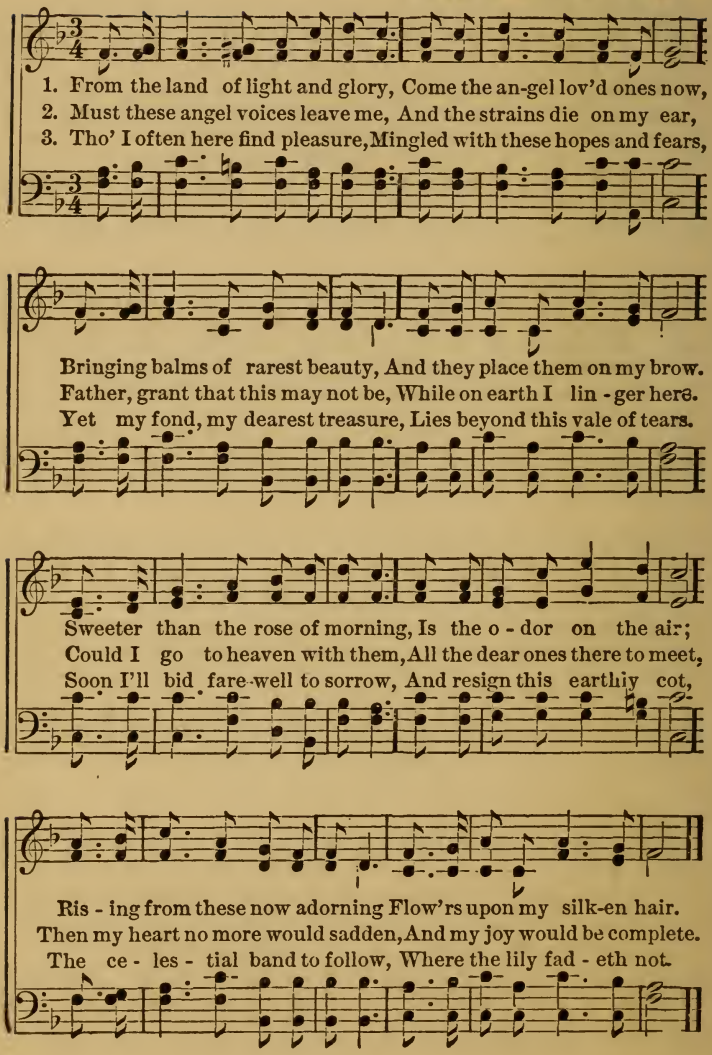
Homes no human hands can fashion, There forev - er shall en-dure,
'Tis a land where never sor-row, Bids the mourner's tear to flow;
Where in love's em-braces fold - en, I my cherish'd friends shall see;



Spirits free from earthly passion, Deathless spirits glad and pure.
Where no frowning dark to-morrow, Ever dawns on hu-man woe.
Oh this clime so glorious, golden, Holds a happy home for me.

Angel Visitants.

Words and Music by S. W. Tucker.



When shall we Meet Again?

S. W. Tucker.

1. When shall we meet a-gain? Meet ne'er to sev - er;
2. When shall love free - ly flow Pure as life's riv - er?
3. Up to that world of light, Take us, dear an - gels,

When will peace wreathe her chain Round us for - ev - er?
When shall sweet friendship glow Changeless for - ev - er?
May we all there u - nite Hap - py for - ev - er?

Our hearts will ne'er repose, Safe from each blast that blows
Where joys ce - les - tial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall fill,
Where kindred spi - rits dwell, There may our mu - sic swell,

In this dark vale of woes, Nev-er, no, nev - er!
And fears of part-ing chill, Nev-er, no, nev - er!
And time our joys dis - pel, Nev-er, no, nev - er!

Bethany.

SARAH F. ADAMS. S. W. TUCKER.

1. Near - er my God, to thee; Near - er to thee;
2. Tho' like the wan - der er, The sun gone down,
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un - to heav'n;
4. Then with my wak-ing tho'ts, Bright with thy praise,

E'en tho' it be a cross That rais - eth me.
Dark-ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone.
All that thou send-est me, In mer - cy giv'n;
Out of my sto - ny griefs, Beth - el I'll raise;

Still all my song shall be, Near - er my God, to Thee,
Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near - er my God, to Thee,
An - gels to beck - on me, Near - er my God, to Thee,
So by my woes to be Near - er my God, to Thee,

Near - er my God, to Thee, Near - er, to Thee.
Near - er my God, to Thee, Near - er, to Thee.
Near - er my God, to Thee, Near - er, to Thee.
Near - er my God, to Thee, Near - er, to Thee.

Only Waiting.

S. W. Tucker.

1. On - ly waiting till the shadows Are a lit-tle longer grown;
2. On-ly waiting till the reapers Have the last sheaf gather'd home;
3. On - ly waiting till the shadows Are a lit - tle longer grown;

On - ly waiting till the glimmer Of the day's last beam is flown.
For the summer time is faded, And the autumn winds have come.
On - ly waiting till the glimmer Of the day's last beam is flown;

Till the night of earth is faded From the heart once full of day;
Quickly reapers, gath-er quickly The last ripe hours of my heart,
Then, from out the gather'd darkness, Holy, deathless stars shall rise,

Till the stars of heav'n are breaking Thro' the twilight soft and gray;
For the bloom of life is wither'd, And I has - ten to de-part.
By whose light my soul shall gladly Tread its pathway to the skies.

Tenting Nearer Home.

S. W. T. S. W. TUCKER.

1. From this vain world where sin is rife, We're moving on new paths to roam;
2. The downward road is dark at times, And stormy clouds obscure the eye;
3. When life be-low with us shall end, We'll en-ter one of sweet repose,

We're marching down the hill of life, And dai - ly tent-ing near-er home.
The way will lead to fairer climes, Our home of rest prepared on high.
'Twill be where soul with soul will blend, No more to taste these earthly woes.

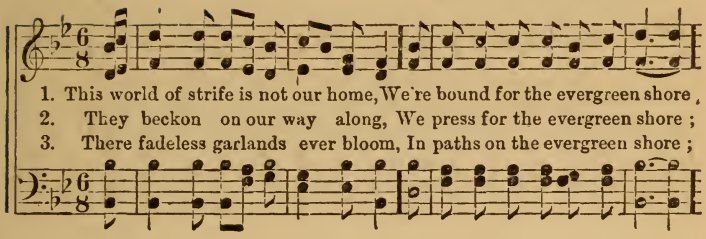
CHORUS.

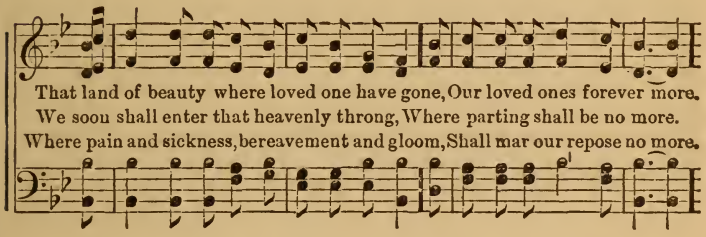
Tenting near home, tenting near home, We're moving on new paths to roam.

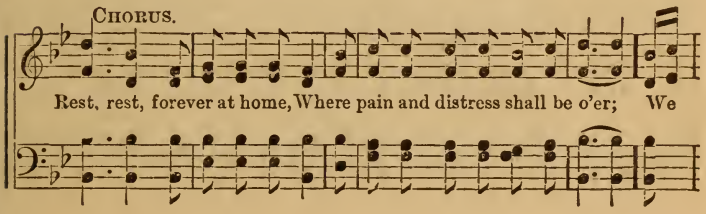
We're marching down the hill of life, And dai - ly tenting nearer home.

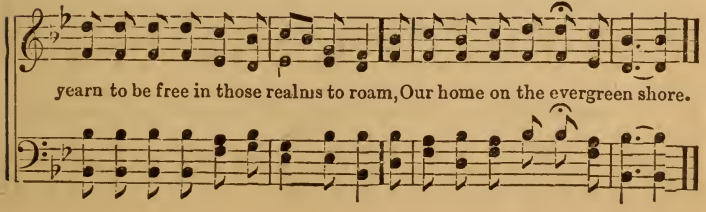
Evergreen Shore.

Words and Music by S. W. TUCKER.
From "Spiritual Harp," by per.









Home of Rest

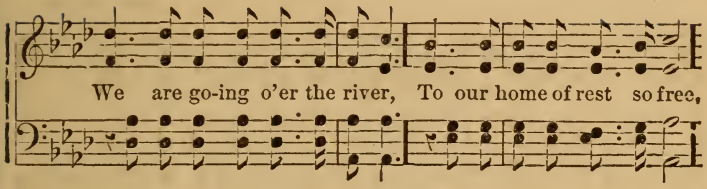
Words and Music by S. W. Tucker.

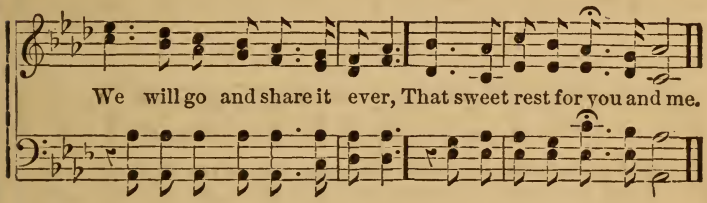
1. We've a home beyond the river, Where the soul is free from care;
2. Just a few more moments tarry On this cold and drear-y side;

Free to dwell in peace for-ev-er, In the mansions o-ver there.
And the boatmen then will car-ry Us, across the si-lent tide.

From that home the lights are shining, Brightly thro' the o-pen door;
Then we'll hear the song of greeting, Sung by angels bright and fair;

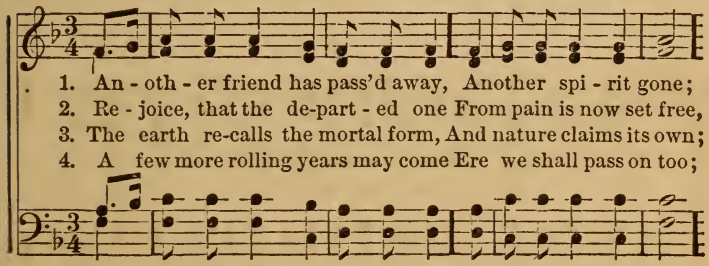
Guid-ing all where love is twining, Round us as in days of yore.
And we'll have a glorious meeting, With our lov'd ones over there.

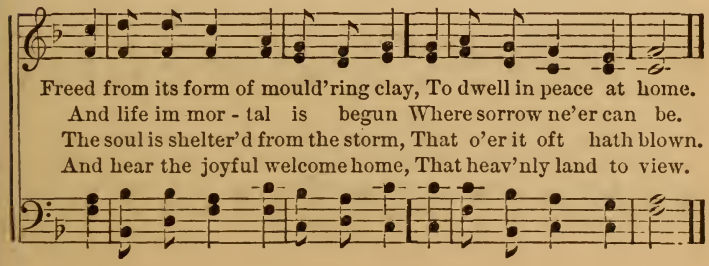




Gone Before. C. M.

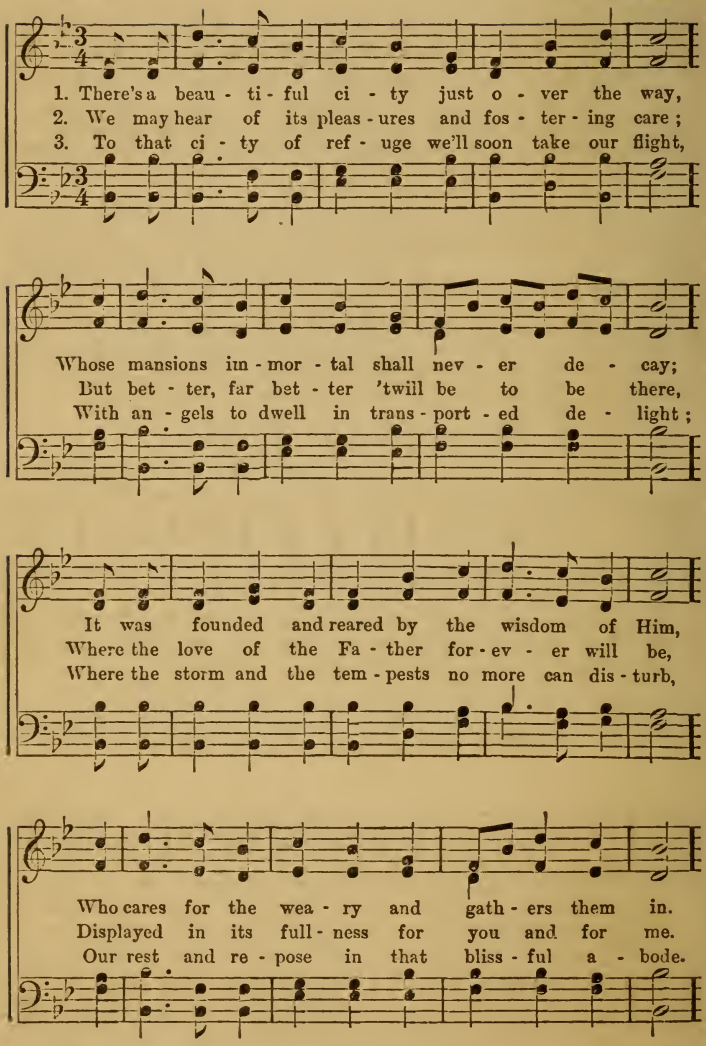
Words and Music by S. W. Tucker.





Beautiful City.

S. W. T. S. W. TUCKER.



CHORUS.

Will you go .... to that beau - - ti - ful ci - - ty with

Will you go, will you go, go to that beautiful

me,..... Whose man- sions im - mor - tal shall

ci - ty with me,

never decay, Will you go to that beau - ti - ful ci - ty with me.

We welcome them here.

Words and Music by S. W. TUCKER.

1. The angels are with us, we know they are here, We feel their
2. The Fa-ther hath sent them on errands of love, With blessings
3. Oh! beau-ti - ful tho't that the seraphs can guide Our footsteps

We welcome them here.–Concluded.

sweet presence e'en now, They hov - er around us to comfort and cheer
from heaven they come ; Pre-par - ing our minds for the haven above,
wherever we stray, We'll journey along, for there's naught can betide,

CHORUS.

Our spirits, while dwelling be - low. We welcome them here, we
That we may soon follow them home.
While angels are leading the way.

welcome them here, Welcome, bright angels, we welcome them here,

From the green bowers of E-den above, We welcome them, welcome them here.

The're Calling Us Over the Sea.

S. W. T. S. W. TUCKER.

1. Hark! what sweet voices do we hear, That come so light and free;
2. They'll lead us to that blissful clime, Its beau - ties to ex - plore;
3. Immortal bloom there greets the eye, From ev' - ry bud and flow'r;
4. How sweet to think of going home, The dear ones there to meet,

Like balm they fall upon the ear, And call us o'er the sea.
And hear the bells their music chime, As we approach the shore.
And daisies sweet in clusters lie, In that ce-les - tial bower.
And in that land forever roam, Where joys will be complete.

CHORUS.

The're call - ing, the're call - ing, the're calling us o-ver the sea;
The're calling, The're calling,

Where bil-lows throw their foam no more, The're call-ing us o - ver the sea.

A little while longer.

S. W. T. S. W. TUCKER.

1. A little while longer to tar - ry, A little more sorrow to bear;
2. A little while longer to lis - ten, To winds of contention that blow;
3. A little while longer to la - bor, Where ominous va-pors a - rise;

And then the bright angels will car-ry Us, home from this world of care.
And then we'll be free from this region, To journey no more be - low.
Ere we shall be summon'd to en - ter, The land where our treasure lies.

CHORUS.

A little while longer to tar - ry, A little more sorrow to bear;

And then the bright angels will car - ry, Us home from this world of care.

Voices from the Better Land.

Words by Rev. A. J. LOCKHART. S. W. T.

1. Sometimes to earth may the brightness come Thro' azure deeps from their
2. When 'mid the toil and the heat of day, The feet grow weary a -
3. When in the sky are the stars so bright, And o'er the earth comes the
4. Is there a heart that doth weep and bleed, Is there a soul that doth

star - ry home; And in our ears may their cho - rus swell;
- long the way, The hea - vy bur - den of grief and care;
balm - y night; When gen - tle sleep on the wea - ried eye,
meek - ly plead; Lo! one with ten - der-est smile shall come

Sweet as the murmur of o - cean's shell; We hear the music of
Is sometimes more than the heart can bear. We hear their whispers at
Like bead - ed dew on the flow'rs may lie; They come to us, with e -
Out thro' the gate of her angel home; Then peace, sweet peace shall that

trembling strings, And feel the pul - sing of view - less wings.
ev - en - tide, That hush our griefs and our cares sub-side.
- lys - ian dreams Of pear - ly gates and the liv - ing streams.
soul re-store, And th' heart shall sor - row and bleed no more.

Sweet Reflections.

S. W. T. S. W. TUCKER.

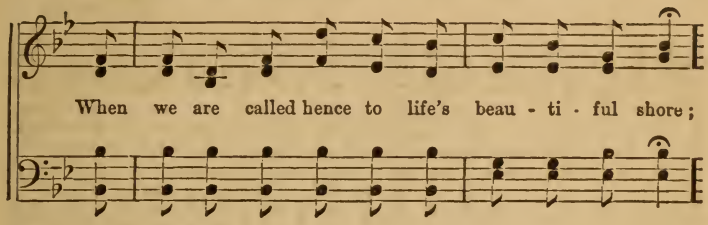
1. How sweet to reflect on the meeting a-bove, With those who have gone to that
2. We're told of the joys and the pleasures we'll gain, When la-bor and troubles are
3. Why should we repine at our te-di-ous load, Since rest ev-er-last-ing is

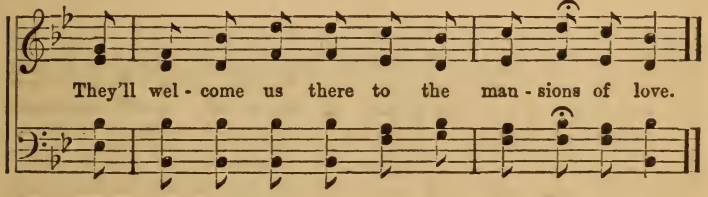
re-gion before, When we are called hence to the mansions of love,
end-ed be-low, No more to know sor-row, no more to feel pain,
soon to be ours, We'll bid an a-dieu to this wea-ri-some road,

CHORUS.

They'll welcome us there to life's beau-ti-ful shore. Oh! how sweet, how
We'll sing hal-le-lu-jah as on-ward we go.
And fix our a-bode in the hea-ven-ly bow'rs.

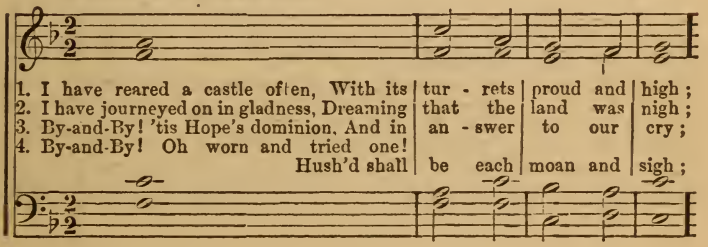
sweet to re-flect On meet-ing with lov'd ones a-bove.

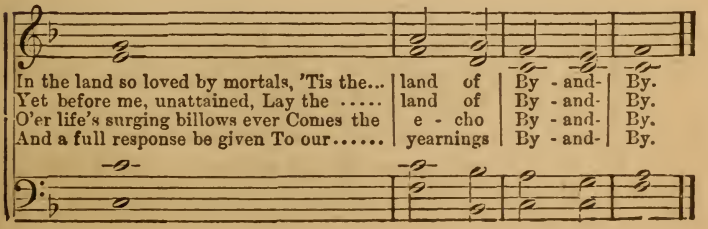




By-and-By. (Hymn Chant.)

Words by Mrs. M. J. WENTWORTH. S. W. T.





Shall we know Each Other There?

S. W. TUCKER.

1. When we hear the mu-sic ringing In the bright ce-les - tial dome,
2. When the ho - ly angels meet us, And we go to join their band,
3. Yes, my earth - worn soul re-joic-es, And my weary heart grows light,
4. Oh! ye wea - ry, sad, and tossed, Droop not, faint not by the way;

When sweet an - gel voi-ces sing - ing, Gladly bid us welcome home.
Shall we know the friends that greet us, In the glo - rious spirit land.
For the thrill - ing an - gel voi - ces, And the an - gel fac-es bright,
Ye shall join the lov'd and just ones In the land of perfect day;

To the land of ancient sto - ry, Where the spi - rit knows no care,
Shall we see the same eyes shining On us, as in days of yore;
That shall wel-come us in hea - ven, Are the lov'd of long a - go,
Harp-strings touch'd by an - gel fin - gers Murmur'd in my raptur'd ear,

In that land of light and glo - ry, Shall we know each oth-er there?
Shall we feel their dear arms twining, Fondly round us, as be - fore.
And to them 'tis kind-ly giv - en Thus their mortal friends to know.
Ev-er-more their sweet song lingers: "We shall know each other there."

Angel Friends.

S. W. TUCKER.

1. Floating on the breath of evening, Breathing in the morning pray'r,
2. We forget, while list'ning to them, All the sor - rows we have known,
3. Soothing with their magic whispers, Calming all our wild-est fear
4. Bless you, angel friends, oh, never Leave us lone - ly on the way!

Hear we oft the tender voic - ces That once made our world so fair.
And up - on the troubles pres-ent, Faith's pure shining light is thrown.
Thus they bring us sweet submission; Peace for sor - row, smiles for tears.
For your gen - tle teachings ev - er Meek - ly may we watch and pray.

Trust in God.

Words by Mrs. M. J. WENTWORTH. S. W. TUCKER.

1. Once when morning's ro - sy light, Ting'd with gold the eastern hill,
2. Trust thro' sorrow, pain and doubt, May thy heart with anguish fill,
3. Years have flown since that spring-morn, Years with winter's storm and chill,
4. And by this sweet lesson taught, Oft my wayward heart I still,

Sang sweet voic - es thro' my pray'r, Trust in God and fear no ill.
For His hand shall guide thee on, Trust in God and fear no ill.
Yet the voice sings in my heart, Trust in God and fear no ill.
Doubts dispel and fears depart, When I trust, and fear no ill.

Sweet Meeting There.

Words and Music by S. W. TUCKER.

1. We soon from this clay shall be free, To dwell in a region most fair;
2. There ci-ties for-ever shall stand, Nor can they know death or decay;
3. That world is yet glowing with love, Its charms are alluring us there;

Where all our de-part-ed we'll see, And sweet will the meeting be there.
Since life in that beau-ti-ful land, Can nev-er be taken a - way.
The angels now call us a - bove, Our freedom from earth to declare.

CHORUS.

How sweet.... how sweet, how sweet will the meeting be there,
how sweet, how sweet,

With all our de-parted now free, How sweet will the meeting be there.

Gentle Words.

Words by M. Irving.

L. Marshall,
From "Sabbath Songs," by per.

1. Gentle words fall on the heart, Like dew-drops on the flow'r;
2. Gentle words fall on the heart, Like mu-sic on the ear·

They chase our gloom and care away, And cheer the lonely hour.
They strew the path of life with flow'rs, And dry the falling tear;

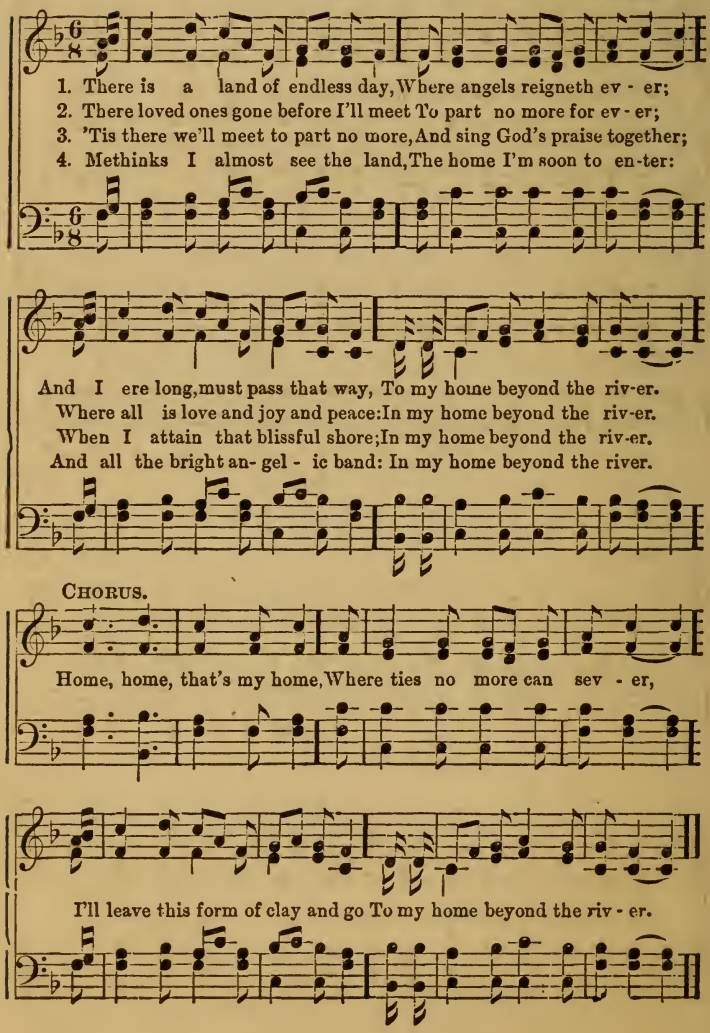
They bid the sinking heart still hope, Revive the drooping breast,
They are as an-gel whisperings From brighter worlds above;

And point the weary ones of life, To homes of peace and rest.
So full of heavenly hope and praise, And sympathy and love.

My Home beyond the river.

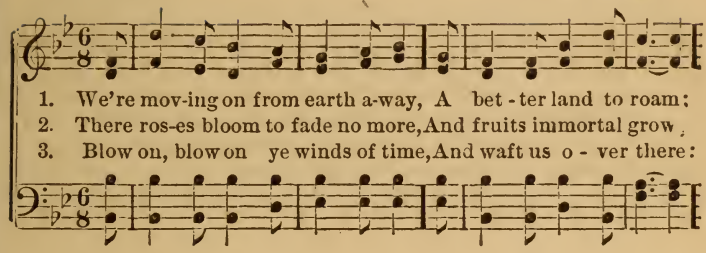
Words and Music by S. W. TUCKER.

From "Vestry Melodies," by per.

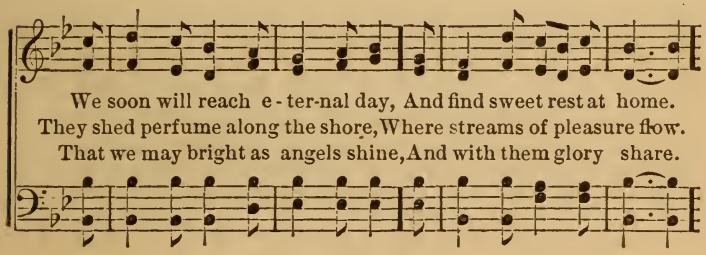


Beautiful Land.

S. W. T. S. W. TUCKER.

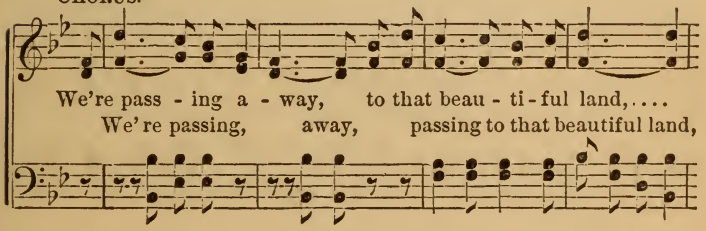


1. We're mov-ing on from earth a-way, A bet - ter land to roam;
2. There ros-es bloom to fade no more, And fruits immortal grow,
3. Blow on, blow on ye winds of time, And waft us o - ver there:

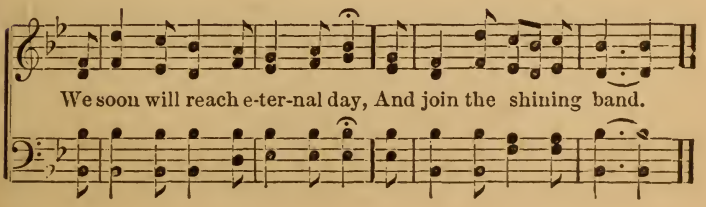


We soon will reach e - ter-nal day, And find sweet rest at home.
They shed perfume along the shore, Where streams of pleasure flow.
That we may bright as angels shine, And with them glory share.

CHORUS.



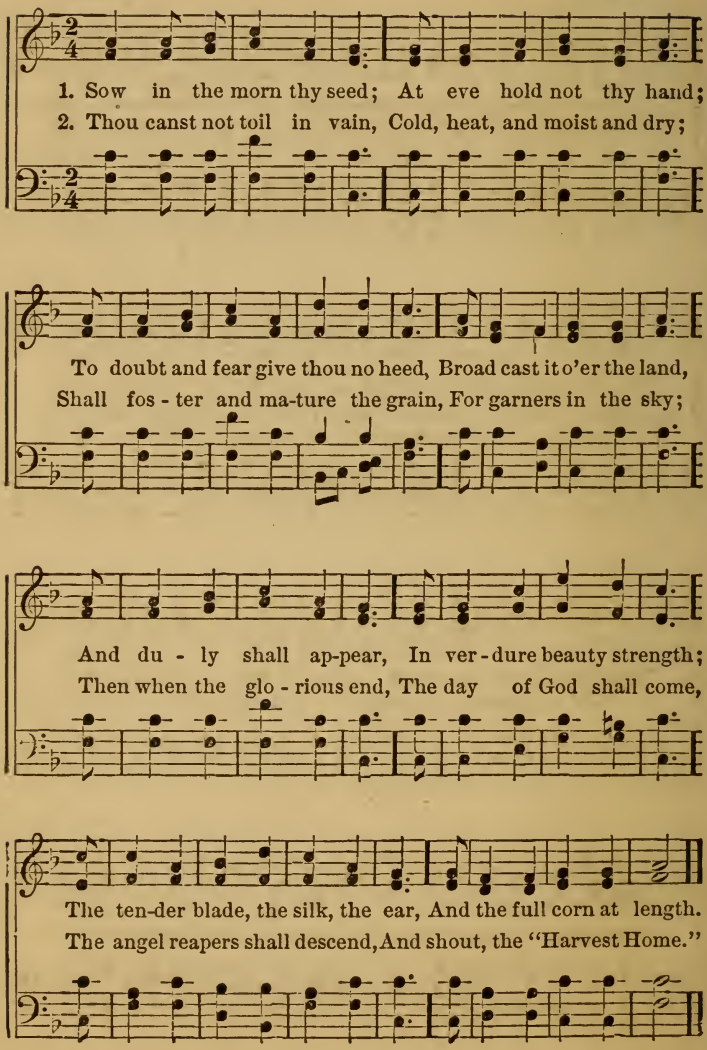
We're pass - ing a - way, to that beau - ti - ful land, ...
We're passing, away, passing to that beautiful land,



We soon will reach e-ter-nal day, And join the shining band.

Sow in the Morn thy Seed.

S. W. Tucker.



Over There.

S W. T. S. W. T.

1. There's a glorious home o - ver there, Where the pilgrims find sweet re-pose;
2. At the crys-tal stream o - ver there, Gather throngs in garments of white;
3. In the bliss-ful moment to come, We shall meet on that golden shore;

When they pass from earth o-ver there, And their la - bors here find a close.
And they bec-kon us o - ver there, With the shining ones to u - nite.
Where we'll hear the sweet welcome home, And the heart can grieve never more.

CHORUS.

O-ver there, over there, We are pilgrims trav'ling over there;
over there, over there,

But the journey soon will be o'er; And we'll all get home over there.

Don't ask Me to Tarry.

Words by E. K. Kennedy. S. W. T.

1. Don't ask me to tar - ry, I'm bound far a - way,
2. Don't ask me to tar - ry, There's no rest - ing here,
3. Don't ask me to tar - ry, For why should I stay,
4. Don't ask me to tar - ry, This world's not my home;

O'er bil - lows of life to that beau - ti - ful bay;
This world is all drear - y with striv - ing and fear,
'Tis but as night here to that glo - ri - ous day;
I see o'er the riv - er be - yond the bright foam,

That ha - ven of rest where no sor - row is seen,
But there is re - pose in the land of the blest,
Here flow - ers may bloom, but 'tis on - ly to die,
The man - sion of peace where I long to re - side

And trees of rare fo - li - age ev - er are green.
From trou - ble and toil - ing for - ev - er will rest.
There bloom is e - ter - nal in E - den on high.
With loved ones who've gone o'er the dark roll-ing tide.

S. W. T. S. W. T.

1 O - ver the riv - er I'm go - ing, My work is most end-ed be - low,
2 O - ver the riv - er I'm go - ing, My beau-ti-ful mansion to see,
3. O - ver the riv - er I'm go - ing, To meet the de-part-ed of yore.

Soon I'll remove to my dwelling, Where pleasures e - ter-nal - ly flow;
Ask me no long - er to tar - ry, For loved ones are waiting for me;
Meet in that re - gion of glo - ry, Where ties can be broken no more;

CHORUS.

Sweetly the bands are now playing, My sorrow on earth to dis - pel,

While a few moments I'm waiting, To go with the an-gels to dwell.

We're journeying on to-day.

1. We're jour - ney -ing on to - day, Our heav - en - ly home to see;
2. We're jour - ney -ing on to - day, To meet on the gold - en shore
3. We're jour - ney -ing on to - day, Bound o - ver the crys - tal sea,

Where zeph - yrs ce -les - tial play A -round o'er the ver -dant lea.
The loved ones who've gone that way, And crossed o'er the stream be - fore.
Where storms nev -er-more have sway, And peace - ful our rest will be.

REFRAIN.

We're journey -ing on, journeying on Our heaven - ly home to see,

Where zeph - yrs ce -les - tial play, A-round o'er the ver -dant lea.

We'll meet them by-and-by.

S. W. T. S. W. T.

1. There's a land of bliss on high, Where our friends have gone before,
2. We will meet them by-and-by, When this wea-ry voyage is o'er,
3. We will meet them on the strand, Where no part-ing hand is giv'n,
4. We will cross the riv-er deep, And we'll meet the oth-er side,

And we'll meet them by-and-by, On that bright e-ter-nal shore.
And our bark in port will lie Anchored safe for-ev-er-more.
And we'll hear the hap-py band Sing-ing mel-o-dies of heav'n.
Where the eyes no more shall weep, And the tears are ev-er dried.

REFRAIN.

Meet them by-and-by.. We'll meet them by-and-by,

On that bright e-ter-nal shore, We will meet them by-and-by.

The Land of Rest.

S. W. T. S. W. T.

1. There is a bright land where wea - ry ones gath - er,
2. They're gath - er - ing home where flow - ers ne'er with-er,
3. A sum-mons ere long will bid us all fol - low,

That they may find rest when life's jour - ney is o'er;
From frost - la - den breez - es that o - ver them blow;
To meet them be - yond this cold val - ley of time;

By faith we can see them ford - ing the riv - er,
In glo - ry they'll dwell with an - gels for - ev - er,
No more to feel pain, no more to know sor - row,

In pass - ing from this to the ev - er - green shore.
Where foun-tains of bliss will un - ceas - ing - ly flow.
We'll bask in the light of that beau - ti - ful clime.

*

1. I know there are flow'rs in heaven, That blossom to fade no more;
2. There is a sweet moment coming, When I shall be called a - way;
3. I know there are flow'rs in heaven, Just o - ver the crys-tal sea;

And trees with their fruit ce - les - tial, Perfuming the verdant shore.
To see in those flow'rs immor - tal The bloom of e - ter-nal day.
For an -gels sweet blossoms gath- er, And bring them across to me.

REFRAIN.

Beau - ti -ful flow'rs..... that fade..... no more,
Beau-ti - ful flow'rs, beau-ti-ful flow'rs that blossom to fade no more.

And trees..... with fruit Per - fum - ing the shore.
And trees with their fruit ce -les - tial, Perfuming the ver -dant shore.

Ready to go.

Words by E. K. Kennedy. S. W. T.

1. Why should I cling to these time fleet - ing pleasures,
2. An - gel - ic friendship that nev - er will fail me,
3. And when the jour-ney is fin - ished and o - ver,

Why should I mourn that I'm pass - ing a - way;
Nev - er will leave me thro' sun - shine or storm;
They will di - rect me thro' shad - ows and tears,

Life's wea - ry span that a brief sea - son measures,
Read - y and will - ing what - ev - er as - sails me,
Round me on wings of pure love they will hov - er,

Soon will be end - ed and free me from clay.
They will pro - tect me and keep me from harm.
And with their coun-sel they'll ban - ish all fears.

S. W T. S. W. T.

1. Why should we here pro-long our stay, Since there's a brighter shore;
2. The glo - ries of that endless day, No gloo - my night can hide;
3. We fain would reach that better land, With all its beauties rare;

Where mel - low sunbeams ev - er play, And shad-ows fall no more.
While light e - ter - nal sheds its ray, The pil -grim's feet to guide.
And with the bright im-mor - tal band, Ce - les - tial pleas-ures share.

CHORUS.

There we all rest at home,
We will rest on that shining shore
Rest at home, rest at home.
Rest at home, rest at home.

We'll rest where darkness ne'er can come, And shadows fall no more.

The happy time to come.

1. There's a glor-ious time to come, In the hap-py by - and - by;
2. We are draw-ing near the strand, And will meet the boatman there;
3. When we land be -yond the foam, That from earthly storms a - rise;

CHORUS.

When the angels lead us home, To the ci -ty built on high. They will
Come to bear us to the land Where our many loved ones are.
We shall find a peaceful home, Where our dearest treasure lies.

meet.... us on the shore, When we cross the crystal tide;
They will meet on the shore,

They will come to bear us o'er, To our home the other side.
They will come bear us o'er,

S. W. T. S. W. T.

1. We're drawing near the har-bor, Where life's rough voyage is o'er,
2. Blow on ye winds, and waft us A-cross the swell-ing tide,
3. 'Tis sweet to think of land-ing, On that im-mor-tal shore,

And one by one we'll an-chor, To breast the waves no more;
And in that ha-ven land us, Where moorings ne'er di-vide;
And of the hap-py meet-ing, With dear ones gone be-fore;

The coast is bleak and stormy, And mists a round us fly,
The voyage will soon be over, And just be-yond the foam,
Their songs of joy-ful greeting Float sweetly on the air,

But by and by we'll an-chor Be-neath a cloudless sky.
We'll glide in-to the harbor, And an-chor safe at home.
While wait-ing at the por-tals, To bid us welcome there.

Day by Day.

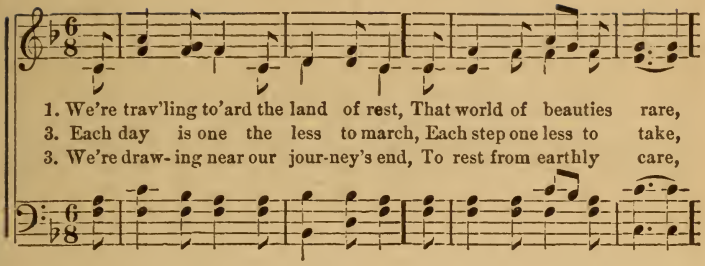
MAY KENDALL. S. W. T.

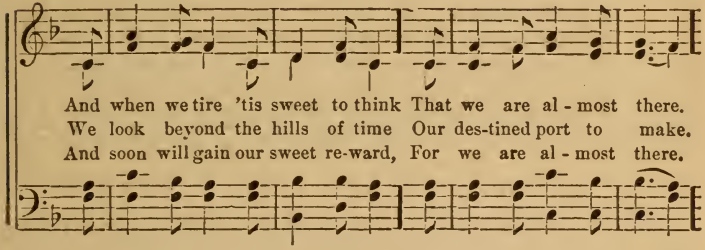
1. Day by day we near the bor - ders Of that bet - ter, brighter shore,
2. Day by day we add a jew - el To our crown that waits in heaven,
3. And we learn to heed the whis - per, Of the an - gel by our side,
4. And tho' oft our spir - its fal - ter As we climb the rug - ged steep,

Leaving earthly scenes behind us, Pressing on - ward ev - er - more.
If some deed of love and kind-ness, From our heart and hand is given;
Bidding us to cease our sin - ning, And God's time in faith to bide,
We will know if faithful ev - er, We e - ter - nal peace shall reap,

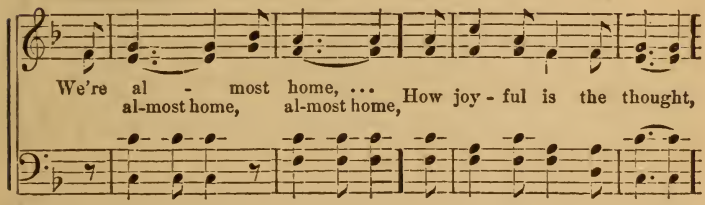
Day by day we weave the garments That shall clothe our spir-its there,
Or in sel - fish pride and an - ger Heeding not the law of love,
So we live, and learn, and suf - fer, As we jour - ney day by day,
Then the crown of fade-less flowers, Shall each ra - diant brow be - gem.

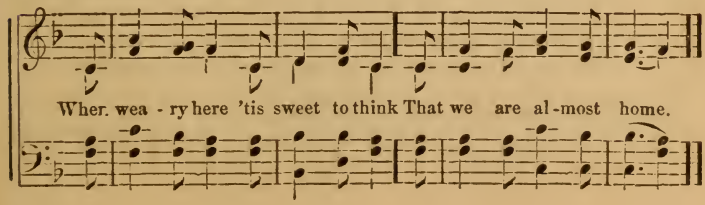
Weave them of the stars and sun - light, Mak-ing them all bright and fair.
We shall find our crown is g m - less, When we reach the courts a - bove.
From the darkness to the sun - light, Learn to tread the bet - ter way.
And the fruit of truth and beau - ty, Deck each sparkling di - a - dem.


1. We're trav'ling to'ard the land of rest, That world of beauties rare,
3. Each day is one the less to march, Each step one less to take,
3. We're draw- ing near our jour-ney's end, To rest from earthly care,


And when we tire 'tis sweet to think That we are al - most there.
We look beyond the hills of time Our des-tined port to make.
And soon will gain our sweet re-ward, For we are al - most there.

REFRAIN.


We're al - most home, ...
al-most home, al-most home, How joy - ful is the thought,


Wher. wea - ry here 'tis sweet to think That we are al-most home.

The cry of the spirit.

M. T. SHELHAMER. S. W. T.

1. Dear Father, as a wand'ring dove Re-turns at nightfall to its nest,
2. And I would ask this boon of Thee, And pray this bless-ing Thou wilt give,
3. Fa - ther, this blessing I implore, Patience and strength to do thy will,

So would my wea-ry spir - it turn To Thy sweet love of peace and rest.
To draw my spir - it nearer heav'n, That I may with Thy an - gels live.
With ho-ly pow'r to rise a-bove The earthly shades of hu-man ill;

I feel the clouds that hedge me in, Of doubt, distrust, and worldly strife,
I wea - ry of ma - te - rial dross, I long to gain e - thereal wings,
And "nearer, God, oh, God to Thee," With more love to Thy Angel band,

I hear the cold world's selfish din, That holds me from Thy higher life.
That I may conquer earthly cares, And mount to higher, bet - ter things.
My spirit cries, as thro' the dark It groups to find Thy sheltering hand.

By love we arise.

JULIA H. JOHNSON. From "Voice of Angels." S. W. T.

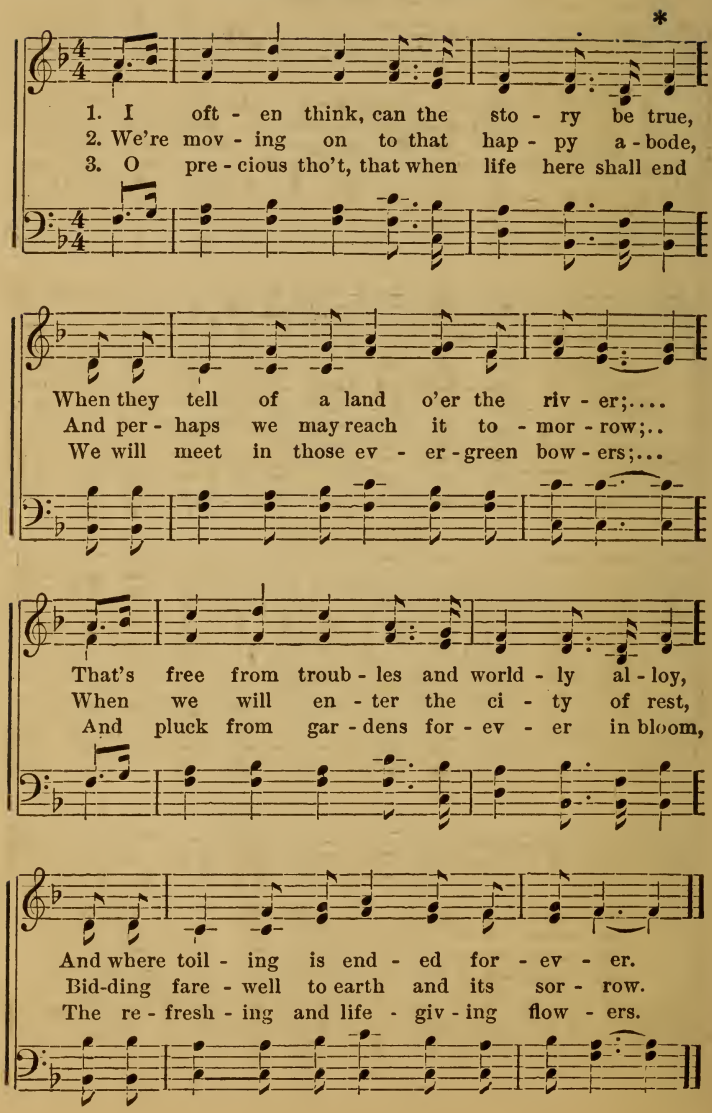
1. By the mag - i - cal pow - er of Love we a - rise,
2. To the land where the riv - ers of life free - ly flow,
3. Bear me on to the an - gel - ic por - tals of peace,
4. To that clime where the flow-ers are ev - er in bloom,

Step by step to our own hap-py home in the skies.
And the gar - dens of God in rich ver - dan - cy grow,
Where vic - to - ri - ous an-thems shall nev - ermore cease,
Nor the fruits ev - er with - er, nor frosts ev - er come,

Nev - er more to be burdened by sor - row and sighs—
Far be - yond the con-cep - tion of mor - tals to know—
And the pure pear-ly treas-ures for - ev - er increase—
On - ly springtime and sum-mer and freshness are known—

Oh, beau - ti - ful Love, bear me on, bear me on!
Oh, beau - ti - ful Love, bear me on, bear me on!
Oh, beau - ti - ful Love, bear me on, bear me on!
Oh, beau - ti - ful Love, bear me on, bear me on!

The Eden of bliss.



The Flight of Time.

D. N. Ford. S. W. T

1. O how the changing seasons roll, How swift the years go by;
2. Such was the song that oth - ers sang Whose souls were wrapt in gloom,
3. But we with more than faith look up Amidst these changing years,
4. The shining sun sheds glo-ry o'er All na - ture, and its rays,

We're born in - to this world to-day, To mor-row, we may die.
Who could not see the joys of life That wait be - yond the tomb.
And joy-ful - ly we run the race Of life and have no fears.
Should pen - e - trate the heart of man To bless him all his days.

Gratitude.

D. N. Ford.

1. Come let us raise to heav'n our songs Of glad - ness that we live
2. The bird that sings within the tree, His lit - tle song is blest
3. Then ne-ver let us doubt the pow'r Which rul - eth o - ver us;
4. O loud - ly sing the joy we feel In com - ing here to - day,

In this bright age, and all en - joy What God the Fa - ther gives.
As we are, with the love of him Who rul - eth for the best.
But in the arm that is outstretch'd For - ev - er put our trust.
And clasping hands with the unseen, Who'll guide us on our way.

"The Sabbath Morn."

"WINOONA." S. W. T.

1. How sweet when care has long oppressed The weary heart to rise one morn,
2. How beau-ti - ful when wea-ry hours Of la-bor all are past and done,
3. Foretastes on earth of sabbath peace, Glimpses of truth your eyes can see;
4. A pre - lude of a day of rest, To last for all e - ter - ni - ty,

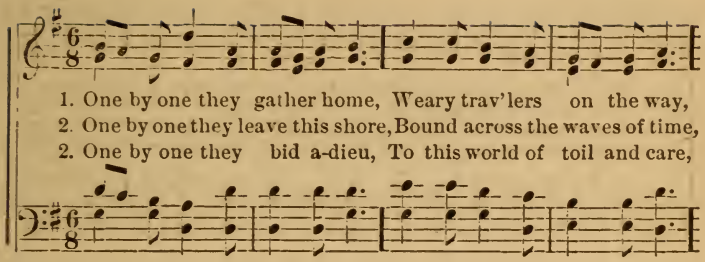
And find the burden rolled away, When peace within the heart is born.
To rise with newly quick'ned pow'rs And find some goal more nearly won.
But tir - ed mourner nev-er fear, A sabbath morn-ing waits for thee.
Where peace the spirit shall in-fill, And all things work in har- mo - ny.

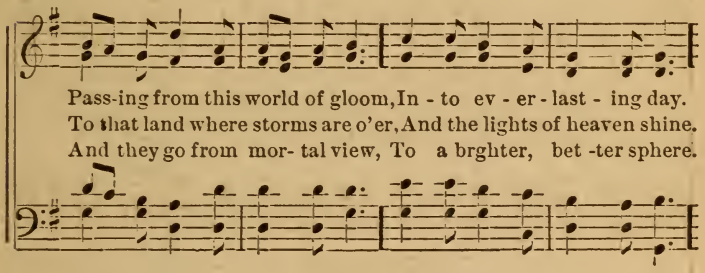
Outside.

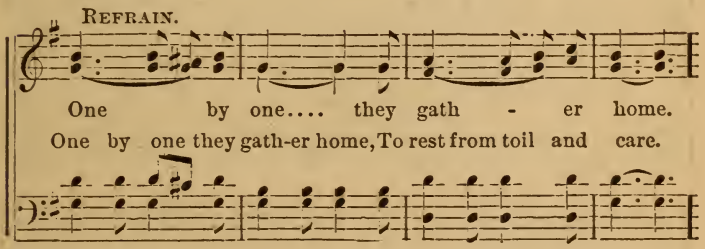
S. W. T.

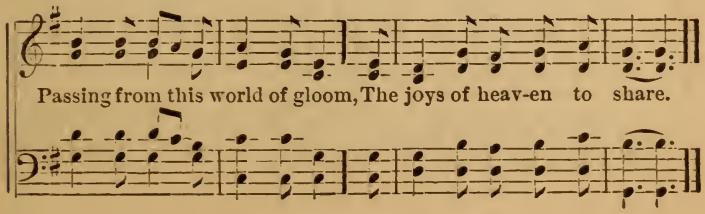
1. Out-side a boundless world we stand, A lit - tle while to work and wait,
2. Out-side a world for-ev - er near, Di-vid - ed by a breath we walk,
3. And sometime when the day is gone, Or when the night with paling stars
4. Yet dim and vague these hintings are, Of scenes the spir - it's eye doth see,

Till one by one, the Unknown hand Shall lead us thro' the mys-tic gate.
And sometime in rare si - len - ces, We catch its faint sweet an-gel talk.
Whispers of dawn, we feel soft hands Outstretching o'er the golden bars.
Like mis - ty sails that flit and fade, That flit and fade far out at sea.


1. One by one they gather home, Weary trav'lers on the way,
2. One by one they leave this shore, Bound across the waves of time,
2. One by one they bid a-dieu, To this world of toil and care,


Pass-ing from this world of gloom, In - to ev - er - last - ing day.
To that land where storms are o'er, And the lights of heaven shine.
And they go from mor- tal view, To a brghter, bet -ter sphere.


Refrain.
One by one.... they gath - er home.
One by one they gath-er home, To rest from toil and care.


Passing from this world of gloom, The joys of heav-en to share.

Here and There.

MYRA COPELAND. S. W. T.

1. A pil - grim here with weary feet, I tread a darksome way,
2. A wanderer here, no house, no lands, No home to call my own;
3. A mourner here, my heav-y heart, Can wake no har-mo - nies,
4. A weaver here, my dai-ly toil A web un-couth and plain,

All rough and thorny, and o'erhung With shad - ows cold and gray.
I plant and sow, a - nother reaps The fields that I have sown.
And all the mu - sic of my life Is played on brok - en keys.
All marred with many tangled threads, And soiled with many a stain.

But there, ah, there, thro' pearly gates, A - long the gold-en street,
But when my wand'rings here are o'er, A man - sion grand and fair
But when the noise of earth shall cease, All dis - cord, strife and wrong,
But when they "bear my web away," And my re-ward is won,

A - mong the blessed I shall walk, With nev - er wearying feet.
A - waits for me, and I shall be At home for - ev - er there.
Then I shall sing as an - gels sing The glad ser - aph - ic song.
Then God shall see it was my best, And he shall say, "well done!"

The Silent City.

M. T. SHELHAMER. (From "B. of L." S. W. T.

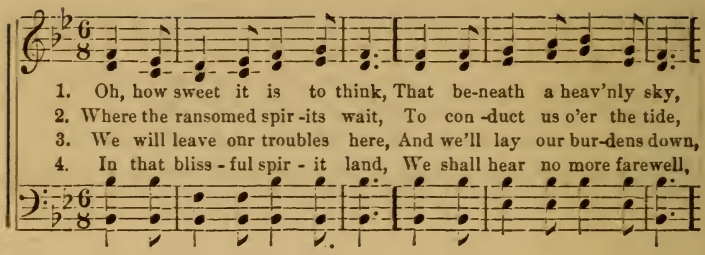
1. There's a ci - ty just o - ver the hill, Where daisies and but-ter - cups grow,
2. From that ci - ty just o - ver the hill, There comes no complaining and strife,
3. But a - way from the flow-er-spread street, A-bove the white mansions of stone,

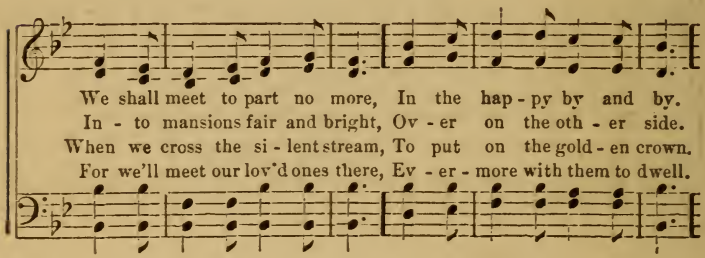
Nev - er ci - ty so peaceful and still As this, with its gates white as snow;
For its in-mates so peaceful and still Have laid down the burdens of life;
There are voi - ces har - mo-nious - ly sweet Heart-thrilling with Love's tender tone;

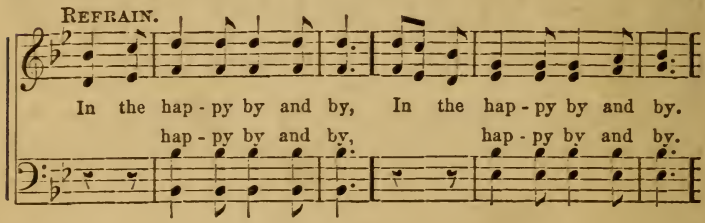
There grass-es grow close to each door, And birds war - ble mu-sic at will,
They've entered their mansions of stone, So white like a sym-bol of peace,
They call thro' the still - ness of death, To souls that are bleeding with pain,

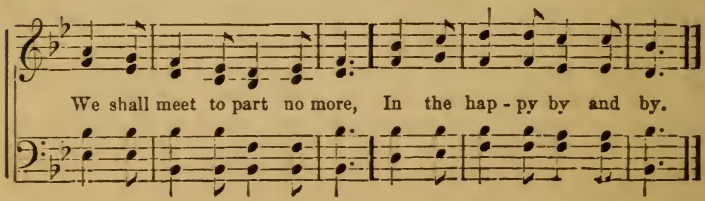
There the zephyrs blow soft-ly all day In that ci ty just o - ver the hill.
And their phys-i - cal sorrows have flown Thro' the door of a hap - py re - lease.
And they whisper in sympathy's breath, "You shall meet ev'ry loved one a - gain."

The happy by and by.









Evergreen Side.

S. W. T. S. W. T.

1. How sweet is the thought that the an - gels can come,
2. No sen - ti - nels watch at those por - tals so fair,
3. A ban - quet is wait - ing and we will par - take,

To bear us a - way to their beauti - ful home;
To bar the lone pil - grim from en - ter - ing there;
When freed from this mor - tal in glo - ry to wake;

The gates of the ci - ty they'll soon o - pen wide,
But free - ly on bree - zes that heav - en - ward glide,
Then on - ward and up - ward for - ev - er we'll ride,

And bid us pass thro' to the ev - er - green side.
We'll waft o'er the stream to the ev - er - green side.
In char - i - ots bright on the ev - er - green side.

We'll gather at the portal.

S. W. T. S. W. T.

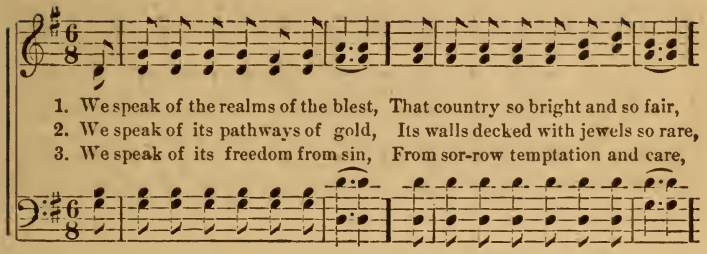
1. We'll gath-er at the por-tal Where countless numbers wait,
2. We'll gath-er at the por-tal To view the ci - ty bright,
3. We'll gath-er at the por-tal Where garlands sweet are found,

To bid the earthworn pilgrims Pass thro' the pearly gate.
And throngs of fa - ces beaming, With gladness and de - light.
E - mit-ting fragrance ev - er, To fill the air a - round.

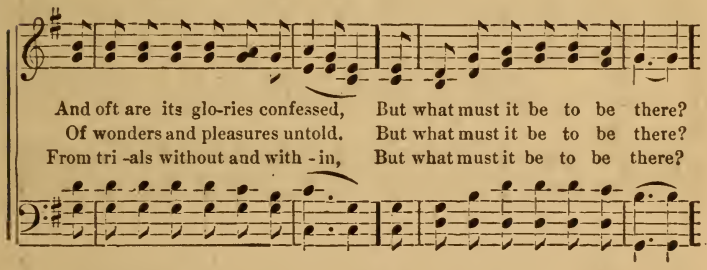
REFRAIN.

We'll gather round the por-tal, Where countless numbers wait,

To bid the earthworn pilgrims Pass thro' the pear-ly gate.

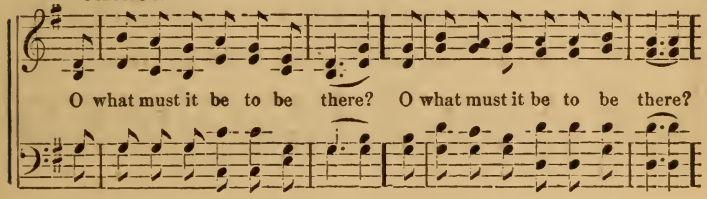


1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That country so bright and so fair,
2. We speak of its pathways of gold, Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
3. We speak of its freedom from sin, From sor-row temptation and care,

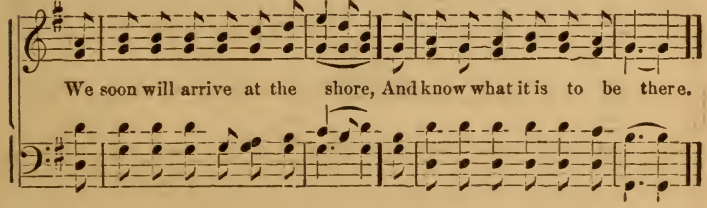


And oft are its glo-ries confessed, But what must it be to be there?
Of wonders and pleasures untold. But what must it be to be there?
From tri -als without and with -in, But what must it be to be there?

CHORUS.



O what must it be to be there? O what must it be to be there?



We soon will arrive at the shore, And know what it is to be there.

I'm called to the Better Land.

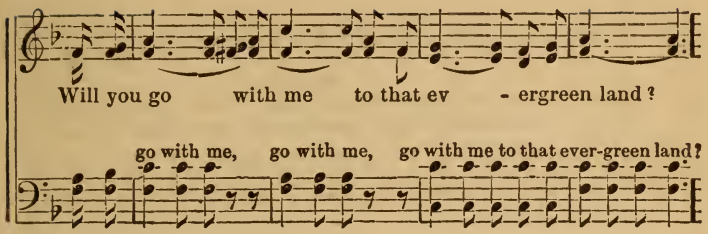
S. W. T. S. W. T.

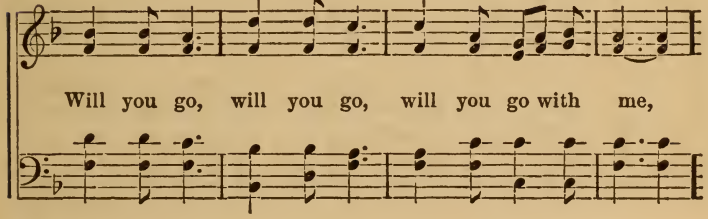
1. I'm told of a re - gion where ro - ses ne'er with-er.
2. A lit - tle while long-er be - low I must tar - ry,
3. Be - yond the dark shadows the anthems are swelling,

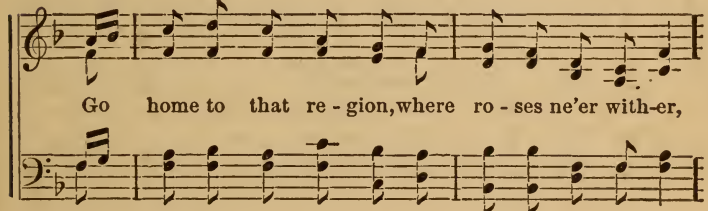
And dai - sies for - ev - er their pet - als un - fold;
Ere I shall de - part for that beau - ti - ful shore;
And I must de - part with the cho - rus to meet;

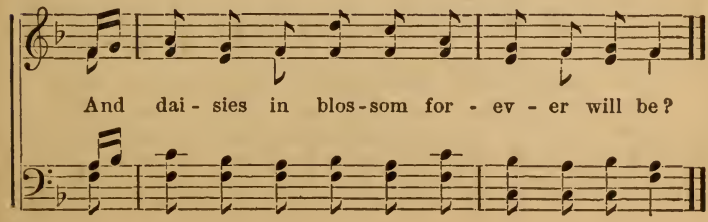
The breezes are fan - ning me o - ver the riv - er,
And then with the boatman I'll glide o'er the fer - ry,
They're calling me home to my heav-en - ly dwelling,

When I shall those heav-en - ly beau-ties be - hold.
To sail on the o - cean of bliss ev - er - more.
Where an - gels are wait - ing my spir - it to greet.

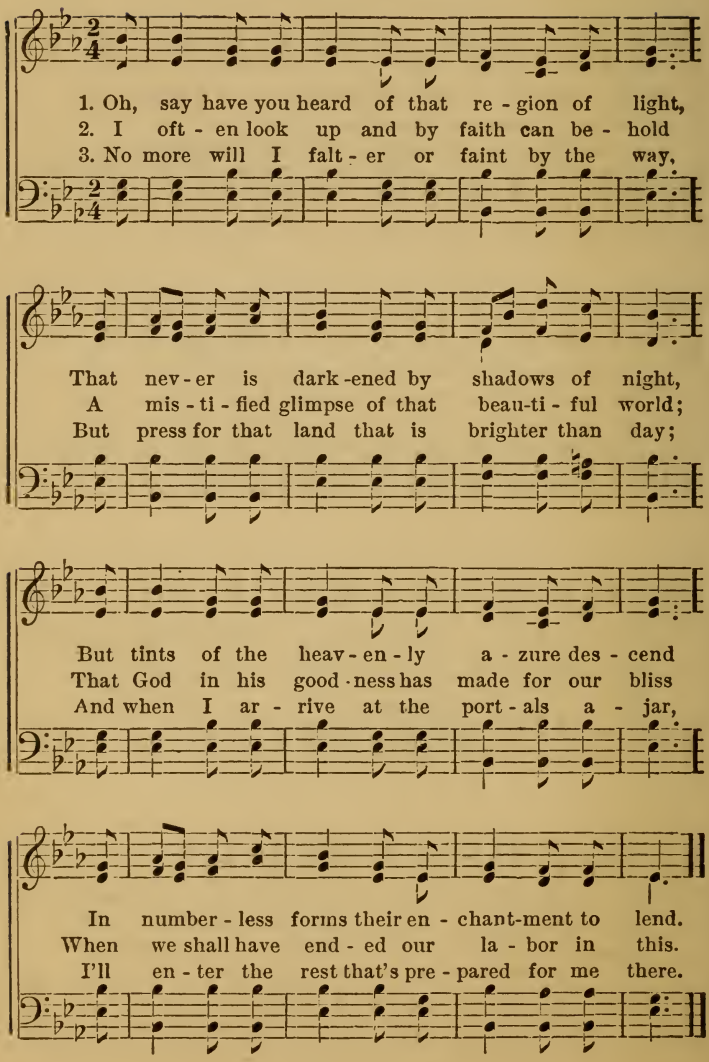

Will you go with me to that ev - ergreen land?
go with me, go with me, go with me to that ever-green land?

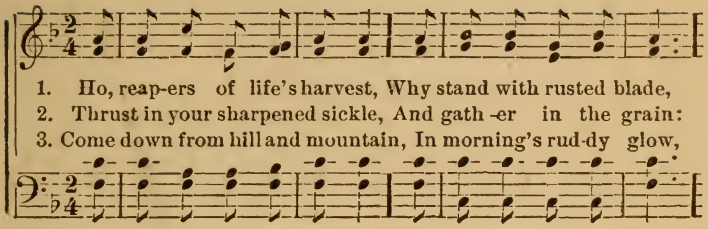

Will you go, will you go, will you go with me,


Go home to that re - gion, where ro - ses ne'er with-er,

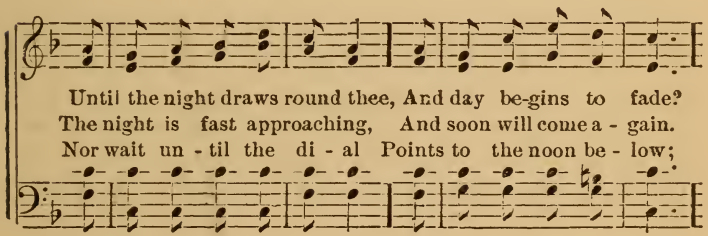

And dai - sies in blos - som for - ev - er will be?

The region of light.

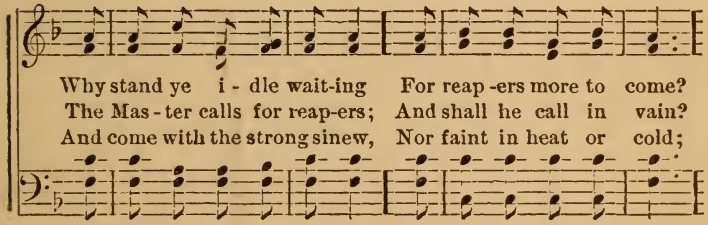




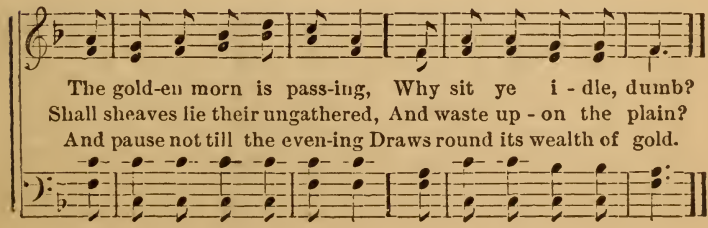
1. Ho, reap-ers of life's harvest, Why stand with rusted blade,
2. Thrust in your sharpened sickle, And gath -er in the grain:
3. Come down from hill and mountain, In morning's rud-dy glow,



Until the night draws round thee, And day be-gins to fade?
The night is fast approaching, And soon will come a - gain.
Nor wait un - til the di - al Points to the noon be - low;



Why stand ye i - dle wait-ing For reap -ers more to come?
The Mas - ter calls for reap-ers; And shall he call in vain?
And come with the strong sinew, Nor faint in heat or cold;



The gold-en morn is pass-ing, Why sit ye i - dle, dumb?
Shall sheaves lie their ungathered, And waste up - on the plain?
And pause not till the even-ing Draws round its wealth of gold.

I long to be there.

S. W. T. S. W. T.

1. There's a glo - ri - ous world with its ev - er - green hills,
2. I am yearning to land on that glo - ri - fied shore,
3. I am thinking of friends who are call - ng me o'er,

Its bright flow - ing riv - ers, its fountains and rills;
To taste of its pleasures and live ev - er-more;
Where clouds can ne'er gath - er their tor-rents to pour;

There are beau-ti - ful flow-ers so fra-grant and rare,
Where the heav-en - ly zephyrs are fan - ning the trees,
And I'm shap-ing my course for that heav - en so fair,

I think of that re - gion and long to be there.
And blos-soms look up to be kissed by the breeze.
That I may u - nite with the mul - ti - tude there.

REFRAIN.

Yes, I long.... ..... to be there..... ..... I long to be there, long to be there,

long, I long to be there,..... long..... I long to be there,

There are beau-ti - ful flow-ers so fra - grant and rare,

I think of that re - gion, and long to be there.

The other side.

S. R. LOWELL.

1. There is a fair-er land than this Where sweetest pastures grow,
2. It is a ho-ly, hap-py land, We've but to cross the tide,
3. "The oth-er side" God's radiant home, Where many mansions be,

A land of rest, a land of bliss, Where pur-est pleasures flow,
And we shall join the sin-less band Up-on "the oth-er side."
Where saints in light, for-ev-er roam Be-side the "jasper sea."

REFRAIN.

"The oth-er side," the glorious side Where shadows nev-er come,

And all God's pure ones shall a-bide In that e-ter-nal home.

S. W. T. S. W. T.

1. There is a form in bright array, My heart has long held dear,
2. 'Tis drawn below by cords of love That round our spir-its twine,
3. Amid the slumbers of the night, When na-ture calm-ly sleeps,
4. It comes when earthly troubles cast Their shadows o'er my mind,

That round my cot at close of day Will oft in love ap - pear;
They reach from earth to heaven above, And bind that soul to mine.
'Tis sweet to think an angel bright... Its vig - ils o'er me keeps.
And whispers of a home at last..... Where cares are left be - hind.

CHORUS.

Wel - come my bright robed one, Form ev - er dear to me,
Wel-come, welcome my, &c.

Guard me here till my work is done, Then take me home with thee.

Beyond the Mortal.

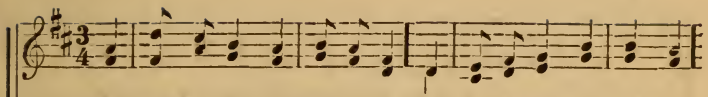
MRS. E. M. HICKOK. S. W. T.

1. When the way grows dark and dreary, When the shadows fall so deep
2. How we grasp the blessed prom-ise Of a man - sion "o - ver there,"
3. Thoughts too sacred to be uttered Here may lose their power for good,
4. But be-yond the clouds and tempests, And the wea - ry earthly thrall,

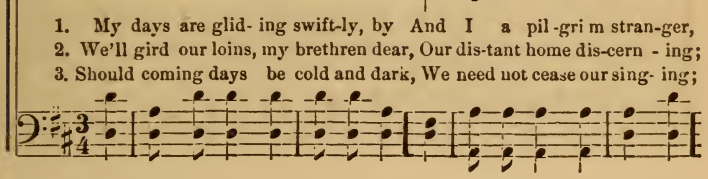
That the spir - it, sad and wea - ry, Fear-ful sees the towering steep;
How we think of sweet re - un - ion In the spir-it's home most fair;
And the best of hu-man motives Are but dim - ly un-der - stood;
When the light of God's own jus-tice Shines more clearly o - ver all;

When the tired hands pause in toil-ing, And the tired heart calls for rest,
In that land of the e - ter-nal, Where the human conflicts cease;
Here we lose each cherished treasure; Here we grieve and grieve in vain;
We may speak a high-er language, We may gain a clear-er sight,

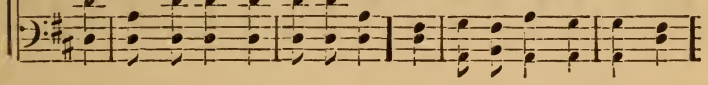
How we look be - yond the mor-tal To the world we deem so blest.
Where instead of restless tur-moil, Dwell the ho - ly calm of peace.
Here we seek and strive for pleasure, And we gath-er on - ly pain.
Then the hearts that best have loved us, Will be ours by sa - cred right.



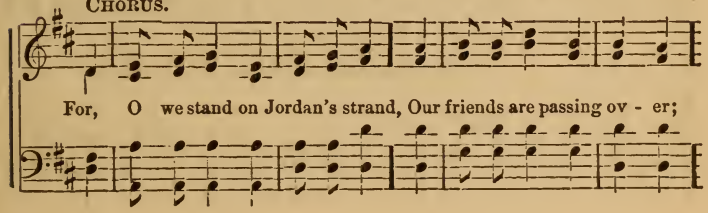
1. My days are glid- ing swift-ly, by And I a pil -gri m stran-ger,
2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear, Our dis-tant home dis-cern - ing;
3. Should coming days be cold and dark, We need not cease our sing- ing;



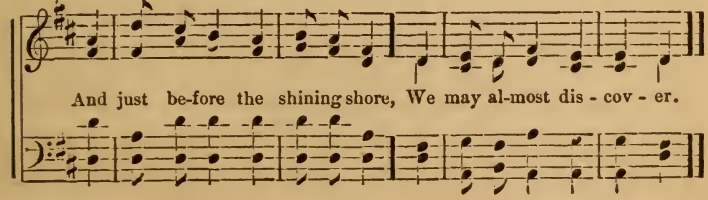
Would not de-tain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan -ger.
Our ab -sent Lord has left us word, Let eve -ry lamp be burn -ing.
That per -fect rest naught can molest, Where golden harps are ring -ing.



CHORUS.



For, O we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing ov - er;



And just be-fore the shining shore, We may al-most dis - cov - er.

The River of Time.

S. W. T. S. W. T.

1. The riv-er of time is flowing, And o'er it we gent-ly glide,
2. The angels wait at the river, They're waiting for you and me,
3. Their garments made white are beam-ing They light up the silv-'ry spray,

We're rap-id-ly homeward go-ing, To rest on the oth-er side.
We soon the bright throng will enter Our dear ones again to see.
As in-to the port we're steaming, Where tempests no more have sway.

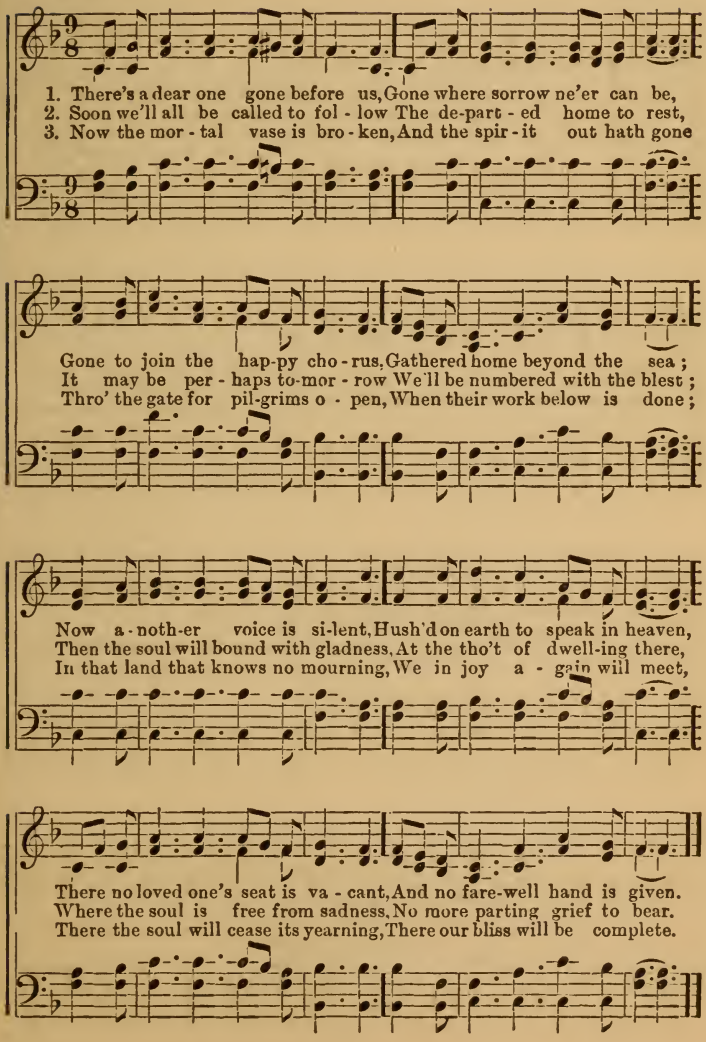
CHORUS.

Beau-ti-ful stream flow on, Flow to the peaceful ar-bor,

Beau-ti-ful stream flow on, flow on,

Safe on thy bos-om one by one, Bear us in-to the harbor.

S. W. T. . W. T.


1. There's a dear one gone before us, Gone where sorrow ne'er can be,
2. Soon we'll all be called to fol - low The de-part - ed home to rest,
3. Now the mor - tal vase is bro - ken, And the spir - it out hath gone
Gone to join the hap-py cho - rus, Gathered home beyond the sea;
It may be per - haps to-mor - row We'll be numbered with the blest;
Thro' the gate for pil-grims o - pen, When their work below is done;
Now a - noth-er voice is si-lent, Hush'd on earth to speak in heaven,
Then the soul will bound with gladness, At the tho't of dwell-ing there,
In that land that knows no mourning, We in joy a - gain will meet,
There no loved one's seat is va - cant, And no fare-well hand is given.
Where the soul is free from sadness, No more parting grief to bear.
There the soul will cease its yearning, There our bliss will be complete.

A fragment.

MILTON H. MARBLE.

1. I know she waits in heaven for me, One day I hope to meet her,
2. And in this land so strangely fair, Where dwells my tender blossom,

When life shall seem all har - mo -ny Not Par - a- dise were sweeter,
All free from doubt and dark despair My head up -on her bosom,

Come, boatman, pull and row me o'er, With - in the shin- ing por -tal,
No earth-ly place would seem so bright, No land so strangely ver -nal,

Where care and pain are known no more, And love shall be im - mor-tal.
As this the home of an - gel light, Where Love shall be e - ter -nal.

The Angels are coming.

S. W. T. S. W. TUCKER.

1. I hear sweet an - gel voi - ces, Now fall-ing on my ear,
2. The Fa-ther sends them hith-er, To tell us of his love,
3. Their shining robes are wav-ing, As thro' the air they come,

My lone - ly heart re - joi - ces, At loved ones drawing near,
Of hopes be - low that with-er, To bloom a - gain a - bove.
Our up - ward path-way pav-ing, To lead us safe-ly home.

CHORUS.

We welcome them here, we welcome, Bright angels we welcome them here,

From the green bowers of E - den, We welcome them, welcome them here.

Fraternity.

DR. D. A. DAVIS. [From "B. of L."] S. W. T.

1. The words "lov - ing kind - ness" are ea - si - ly spo-ken,
2. Lo! who will go forth in the work of re-demption?
3. Oh, if we look up - ward for wis - dom and guidance,
4. They teach us for - ev - er that we are God's children,

But who un - der God will their mean - ing ex - press?
Where are the brave souls that will make up the van?
How quick - ly the an - gels re - spond to the call,
With spe - cial ap - point-ments for each one to fill;

Oh, who will go forth with the ol - ive branch to-ken,
Are there not e'en more who would claim an ex - emp-tion
Still u - sing un - wea - ried their ut - most en - deav - or
And there - fore should al - ways like broth-ers and sis - ters,

With on - ly the mo - tive to love and to bless?
From faith in pure mo - tives and du - ty to man?
To make us E - van - gels of kind - ness to all.
Go lov - ing - ly for - ward in kind - est good-will.

M. T. Shelmamer.

1. The path of life seems dark and drear, To mor-tals toil-ing on
2. Dear souls are groping in the dark, And long-ing for the day,
3. A-bove the clouds that dark-ly lower, The sun is shin-ing bright,

Thro' heav-y clouds of doubt and fear, And mists of sin and wrong;
We can-not see the lines of truth A-long life's beat-en way;
And thro' the spir-it's saddest hour, The soul gains strength and might,

For thro' the shadows of despair We oft-en seek in vain,
And spir-its, hopeless and for-lorn, Whose teardrops fall like rain,
We may not find the com-fort-er For all our woe and pain,

For light to pierce the tangled maze, And make its mean-ing plain.
Wait anxous-ly the coming time When He will make it plain.
Yet God is the in-ter-pre-ter, And He will make it plain.

No Death.

D. N. Ford. S. W. T.

1. There is no death, all teems with life, Where-ever we may turn the eyes;
2. The bod-y back to mother earth Resolves to grow a-gain in flowers;
3. Then cheer my soul, there is no death, We live to love, and love to live;
4. No death to an - y living soul! O how my heart warms at the tho't,

Not dead is e'en the still cold form That in the cask - et shrouded lies.
And that which gave the bod-y birth Will live a - new in heavenly bowers.
And while we draw this fleeting breath, To other souls, the truth we'll give.
E - ter-nal life to us un - folds, With joys ce-lest - ial ever fraught.

Star of Truth.

D. N. Ford.

1. See how the gold-en star doth rise, How beauti - ful its ray;
2. The stars that in the heavens are fixed, Shine forth with twinkling rays,
3. It is a sun we gaze up - on, The light is all its own,
4. That brilliant sun, whose streaming fire Is seen so far a - way,

It her - alds to a darkened world, The com-ing of the day.
But this bright star with steady light E - ter - nal - ly will blaze.
It was a spark, like lightning sent From off the gold-en throne.
Shall nev-er wane, but al-ways light Earth's pilgrim on his way.

S. W. T. S. W. T.

1 When we meet be-yond the riv - er, In that world that's free from care
2. We shall see the same eyes beaming, Brighter than in days gone by,
3. When the land shall meet our vis - ion, With its throng up - on the shore,

Ev-'ry heart with joy will quiv-er, For we'll know each oth-er there;
For thro' them now light is gleaming, From a clear and cloudless sky;
We shall know the hands that beckon, And the forms we've seen be-fore;

Friends long part - ed there shall gather, Where the wrong is all made right,
We shall hear fa-mil - iar voi - ces, Floating on the balm - y air,
Then we'll hear the song of greeting, Sung by an - gels bright and fair,

3

There they meet no more to sev-er, Round the crys - tal foun-tain bright.
At the tho't the soul re-joi-ces, That we'll know each oth - er there.
And we'll have a happy meeting, With our loved ones o - ver there.

O bear me away.

S. W. T.

1. O bear me a - way to the realms of the blest,
2. O bear me a - way with the an - gels to dwell,
3. O bear me a - way to my fi - nal a - bode,

My spir - it is wea - ry and long - ing for rest,
E'en now they in - vite me their num-bers to swell,
And give me re - lief from this wea - ri - some load,

I fain would u - nite with the an - gel - ic band,
They beck - on to me from that ra - di - ant shore,
For I can no long - er this bur - den en - dure,

And share the re - pose of that beau - ti - ful land.
And wait for the boat -man to car - ry me o'er.
I seek one that's light - er, im - mor - tal and pure.

Live for an Object.

D. N. Ford. S. W. T.

1. Come and sing of life's great ob - ject, Of the goal you wish to gain;
2. In the morning of your earth-life, Love is warm and hopes are high
3. Act as tho' you felt the eyes of An-gels ev - er fixed on you,
4. O re-mem - ber you are paint - ing What you'll look at by and by;

Of the good that you'd ac-com-plish, The po - si - tion you'd at-tain.
Do no deed which in the fu - ture You would blot from me-mo-ry.
And as if their ap-pro-ba - tion You had ev - er in your view.
Scenes up - on life's pan - o - ra - ma That will grieve or please the eye.

Golden Shore.

S. W. T. S. W. T.

1. There is a bright and shining land, Where saints de-part-ed roam,
2. No mourners tread that peaceful shore, No tears the soil be - dew,
3. We'll gath-er at the riv - er side, With all the loved of yore,

And soon up - on the golden strand, We'll find a peace-ful home.
The heart with grief shall ache no more, Nor sorrow ev - er know.
And launch our bark up-on the tide, To meet the gold-en shore.

Silent Help.

EDNA C. SMITH. S. W. T.

1. Sitting in my silent chamber, Or at night up - on my bed,
2. Gentle hand and shad'wy fingers, For the shape I can - not see,
3. Then I turn from heartfelt sorrow, For a - while for - get my pain,
4. Onward, upward, till life closes, And I lay my bur - den by,

Oft I feel a gen - tle pressure Of a hand up - on my head.
Touch that speaks of tender pi - ty, Which is all the world to me.
Drinking in the heav'nly counsel Which comes floating o'er my brain.
Till my soul released from prison, Seeks its home and rest on high.

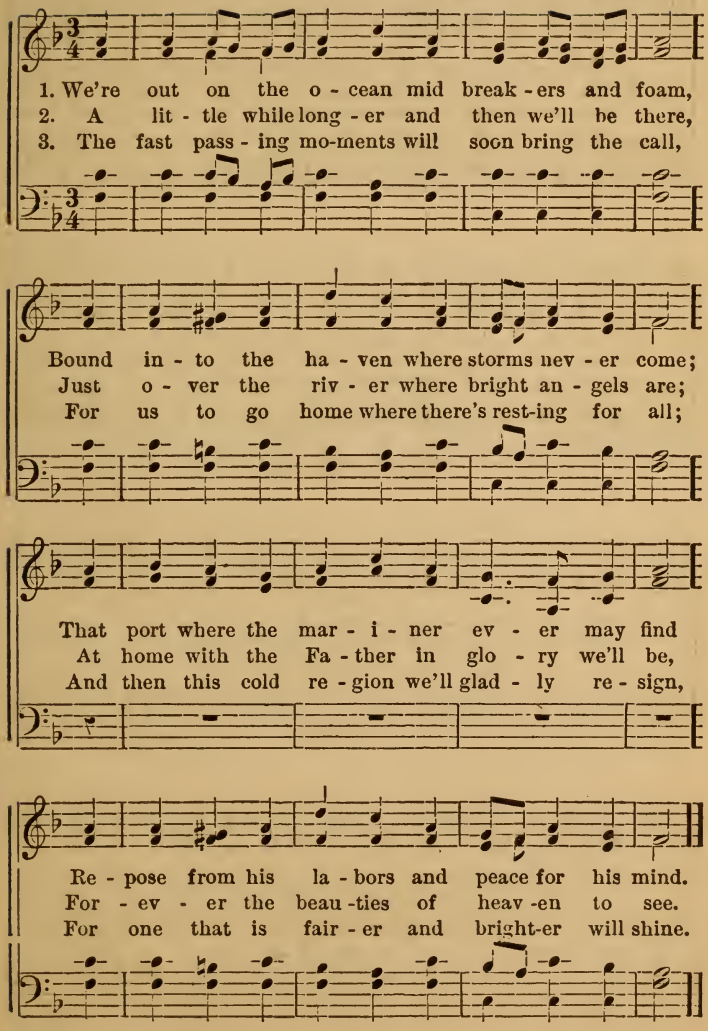
He's Gone.

G. W. BARNES. S. W. T.

1. A good man to his rest has gone, A husband true as po - lar star,
2. Peace, sweetest peace be to his soul, And fragrant mem - 'ry be;
may his
3. O mourning hearts! let light break thro' The sa- grief pro - found,
ble clouds of
4. So that this pilgrimage may show In days to come a sol - ace sweet,

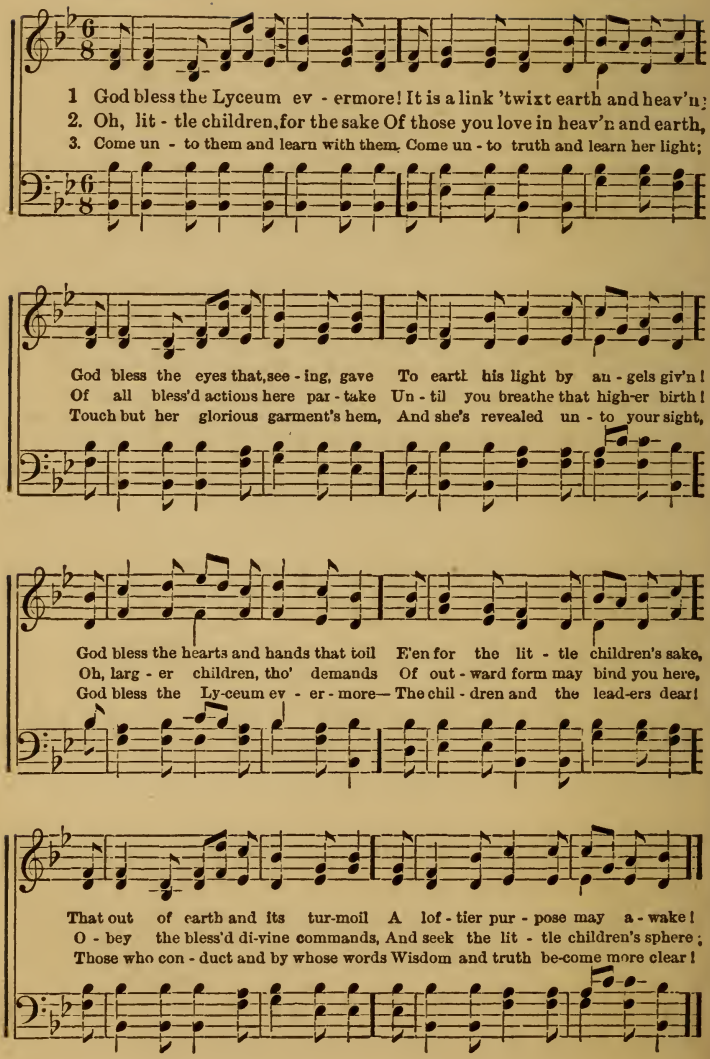
A father whose affections won The love of him that naught could mar.
He's fou't the fight, and gained the goal Of unalloyed e - ter - ni - ty.
And give the weeping eyes a view Of glories that in heaven a - bound.
Of faith, that each at length shall know loved in bliss to meet.
The joy the

S. W. T.


1. We're out on the o - cean mid break - ers and foam,
2. A lit - tle while long - er and then we'll be there,
3. The fast pass - ing mo-ments will soon bring the call,
Bound in - to the ha - ven where storms nev - er come;
Just o - ver the riv - er where bright an - gels are;
For us to go home where there's rest-ing for all;
That port where the mar - i - ner ev - er may find
At home with the Fa - ther in glo - ry we'll be,
And then this cold re - gion we'll glad - ly re - sign,
Re - pose from his la - bors and peace for his mind.
For - ev - er the beau -ties of heav -en to see.
For one that is fair - er and bright-er will shine.

The Lyceum.

MRS. RICHMOND. S. W. T.



Not yet for me.

SUSAN G. HORN. S. W. T.

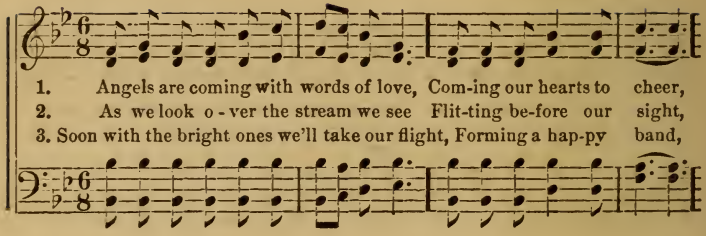
1. Not yet for me, oh radiant land, Will thy rare breezes blow,
2. Not yet for me, oh ci - ty fair, Thy treasures to un - fold,

I lift my burning brow and hear Thy dis-tant fountains flow.
To see thy he - roes and thy art, Of ev - ery clime and mold.

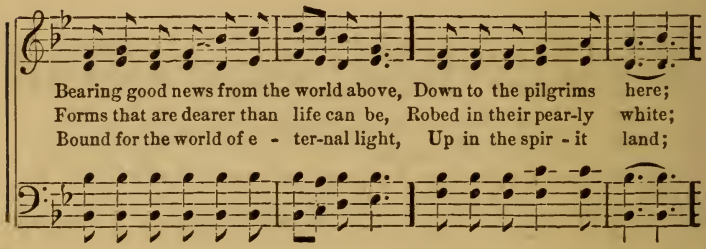
Not yet for me oh waiting home, Will thy sweet flowers bloom;
Not yet my way is long I cry, My gol - den hopes are dead;

Nor trees nor vines nor plants divine, Dis - till their rich per- fume.
I long to see thy glittering heights, And live with friends who've fled.

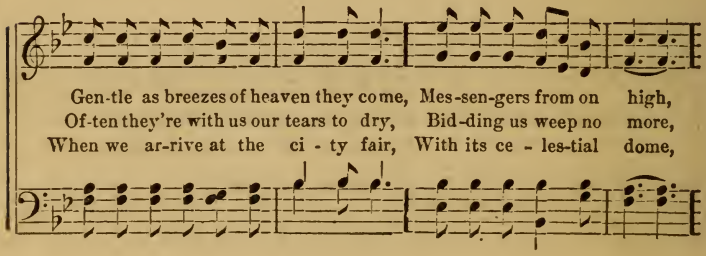
They are coming.



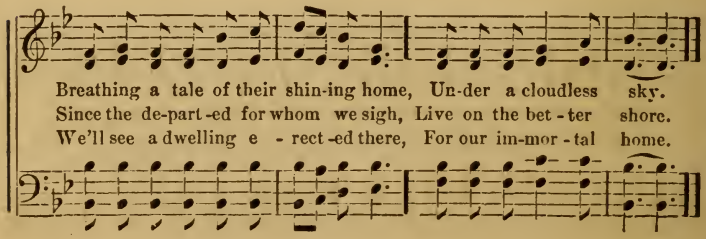
1. Angels are coming with words of love, Com-ing our hearts to cheer,
2. As we look o - ver the stream we see Flit-ting be-fore our sight,
3. Soon with the bright ones we'll take our flight, Forming a hap-py band,



Bearing good news from the world above, Down to the pilgrims here;
Forms that are dearer than life can be, Robed in their pear-ly white;
Bound for the world of e - ter-nal light, Up in the spir - it land;



Gen-tle as breezes of heaven they come, Mes-sen-gers from on high,
Of-ten they're with us our tears to dry, Bid-ding us weep no more,
When we ar-rive at the ci - ty fair, With its ce - les-tial dome,



Breathing a tale of their shin-ing home, Un-der a cloudless sky.
Since the de-part-ed for whom we sigh, Live on the bet - ter shore.
We'll see a dwelling e - rect-ed there, For our im-mor - tal home.

We'll dwell beyond them all.

S. W. T. S. W. T.

1. This world hath troubles ev - ermore, That oft - en on us fall,
2. When tears of sor - row fill the eye, On this ter-res - tial ball,
3. This wea - ry march will soon be o'er, And that a - bove be - gin,

But soon we'll cross the rough hills o'er, And dwell be-yond them all;
'Tis sweet to think that by and by, We'll dwell be-yond them all.
We're hast'ning to'ard the better shore, That bliss - ful land to win.

REFRAIN.

We'll dwell be - yond them all When this rough life shall end,
beyond them all, beyond them all,

We'll meet where troubles ne'er can come, And dwell beyond them all.

Passed On.

S. W. T. S. W. T.

1. Another voice is hushed and still, Another | dear one | gone,
2. The Father called the spirit home, From chains that | bound it | here,
3. Another one will meet us there, When we too | cross the | stream,
4. The debt of nature now is paid. Disease its | work has | done,

No more her wonted seat to fill, Or | join our | so - cial | song.
That with the angels it might roam, Thro' | his ce- | les - tial | sphere.
To breathe that sweet and balmy air Where | lights im- | mor-tal | gleam.
The soul no more thro' grief can wade, Or | dwell where | troubles | come.

Angel visitants.

S. W. T. S. W. T.

1. How oft to earth the loved ones come, To tell us of their heav'nly home.
2. They drive our grief and care a - way, And light - en bur - dens of the day,
3. They tell us of the joys that flow, Be-yond this storm - y vale be-low.

They whis - per words of love, and cheer, That dis - si - pate our gloom and fear.
They o'er us watch-ful vi - gils keep, And fan our wea - ry eyes to sleep.
And that they'll soon conduct us there, The bless-ings of that world to share.

Come go with me.

S. W. T.

1. In that bright region where roses ne'er wither, I soon shall be,
2. When I ar-rive at the gates of the ci - ty, There I will know,
3. There are white forms on the shore for me waiting, Dear to my heart,

Breez -es are fan-ing me o -ver the riv -er, Come go with me.
Those who have passed thro' the portals before me, Long time a - go.
And as fam-il -iar hands for me are waving, I must de - part.

CHORUS.

Come, come go with me, go to that beau - ti - ful, beau -ti - ful land,

Breez - es are fan-ing me o - ver the riv -er, Come go with me.

She has crossed the River.

S. W. T. S. W. T.

1. She has crossed the shining riv-er. And has gained that radiant shore,
2. They were waiting at the por-tal, To re-ceive her spir - it there,
3. We will soon pass on to meet her, And make whole the broken band,

Where no heart with grief can quiver, And all parting scenes are o'er;
When she laid a - side the mor-tal For a garb more bright and fair:
Meet her just a - cross the riv - er, In the hap-py spir - it land;

She has met the dear de-part-ed, And has heard the "welcome home,"
She has joined the heavenly chorus, So we ne'er should think her dead,
Where her arms will be ex - tended To embrace us one by one,

By the true and ten - der-heart-ed, That be-fore her hence had flown.
For she ll oft re - turn to greet us, From the land just o - ver head.
When our work be-low is end-ed, And our mor - tal course is run.

S. W. T. S. W. T.

1. From earth we're fast re - ced - ing, The summer land draws nigh,
2. Be - yond this vale of weep-ing, Are joys that ne'er shall cease,
3. We'll bid farewell to earth friends, And pitch our dwelling there,

The law of time we're heeding, And soon will rest on high.
And hearts with pain here aching, Shall there find sweet release.
Where flowers sweet are yielding, Their fragrance on the air.

CHORUS.

We're pass - ing a - way, We're passing a - way;
Passing a-way, passing a-way, pass-ing a - way;

We're pass-ing to our home above, That glorious rest on high.

A day's march nearer home.

1. There is a bright ha-ven be - yond this storm -y sphere,
2. We're rap - id - ly mov-ing a - long the shore of time,
3. A lit - tle while long-er will land us safe - ly there,

A land of rare beau-ty that knows no fall - ing tear;
En - rout for that har -bor where bea-cons ev - er shine;
And grant us re-lease from this world of wea - ry care;

We're jour-ney-ing on thro' that bliss - ful clime to roam,
Tho' dan-gers be - set us and tri - als oft - en come,
For that ver-dant re -gion where flow'rs immor - tal bloom,

And night -ly re- pos -ing, a day's march near-er home.
We night -ly pass thro' them a day's march near-er home.
We night -ly are watching, a day's march near-er home.

Fold us in your arms.

J. M. Allen. S. W. T.

1. Come ye spirits true and faith-ful, To our home, oh, wend your way;
2. We are lone-ly, we are wea-ry, Hungry, thirs-ty, sick and sore!
3. Fold us in your arms loved angels, And ca-ress us as of yore;

Bless us with your lov-ing presence, Guide us on-ward day by day,
Rest and soothe, refresh, re-new us, Up-ward lead us we im-plore.
Lift our thoughts to Heav'n's bright portals, Teach us of the E-den shore.

Give, oh give us peace and un-ion, Feed our souls with love di-vine;
Nev-er can we thrive without you, Life is drear-y, dark and sad;
Fill our homes with joy and brightness, Keep our hearts with love a-glow;

Sprinkle o'er us sparkling dewdrops, From the fount of Life sub-lime.
But with lov-ing an-gels near us, Earth is chee-ry, hearts are glad.
Walk-ing hand in hand with an-gels, Peace on earth man soon shall know.

Waiting to go.

S. W. T. S. W. T.

1. We are waiting for the murmur Of these chil - ly winds to cease,
2. We are waiting for the moment, When we'll say to earth farewell,
3. We are waiting for the dimness, To creep o'er our mor-tal eyes,

We are wait-ing that the Father, May our souls from earth release:
We are wait-ing for the an-gels, To re - move us home to dwell;
We are wait-ing for a message, From the world a - bove the skies;

Then be-yond the foam - ing bill - ows, We will tread the em'-rald sand
Where the trees with fruit are la - den, Nev - er more to know de-cay,
For the welcome word come high - er, Come and rest from toil and care,

Where no clouds the light can darken, Or be-dim the shin-ing strand.
And the bow'rs with green are waving. Brighter than the tints of May.
Ye who've worked with hands most willing, For a crown a - bove to wear.

Summer days are coming.

M. T. Shelhamar. S. W. T.

1. Oh, ye whose lot is hard and drear We pray you cease re-pin-ing,
2. A-bove the din of earth-ly strife We hear the mighty humming,
3. They come with healing on their wings, With every joy and pleasure,

For soon the clouds will disappear And show their sil-ver lin-ing.
Of joys and blessings on their way, Yes, summer days are coming.
To fill each cup with human bliss, With full and per-fect measure.

Chorus.

The sum-mer days are com-ing now With all their joys and blessings;

Then wea-ry ones re-pine no more For sum-mer days are coming.

"One woe is past."

MARY D. SHINDLER. [From "B. of L."] S. W. T.

1. I have one sor-row less to bear Of those that shall befall me here;
2. But an-gel voi-ces in the sky Call "Come up hither, come up high,"
3. Yet while they leave me, well they know That I, from whose embrace they go,
4. So, smiling as they take their flight To re - gions of ce - les - tial light,

An - oth - er grievous woe is past, Would God that it might be the last!
Then joy - ful - ly they soar a - way, And leave me lone-ly here to stay.
With swift-er steps will travel on To where my dearest friends have gone.
They whisper low with passing breath, "A short farewell! This is not death."

Never Lost.

DR. D. A. DAVIS. [From "Voice of Angels."]

1. Lost! Oh, nay, nay! there is no strand In all cre - a - tion's realm,
2. The flowers that bloom up-on the plain May fade and pass from view,
3. So loved ones of our earthly plane May fade and pass from sight;

Where we may not in safe-ty land, Since God is at the helm.
But spring-time brings them back again, With all their charms a - new.
But oh, they come to us a gain At morning, noon and night!

Parting Hymn.

S. W. T. S. W. T.

1. How oft the heart is touched with grief, When called to part from those we love,
2. We part per-haps to meet no more A-mid these changing scenes be-low,
3. We part on earth to meet in heav'n, Where kindred souls unite a - gain,
4. We part in grief to meet in joy, Fa-mil - iar fa - ces gone be - fore,

But there's a tho't af - fords relief, 'Tis that we'll meet a - gain a - bove.
We soon will reach the other shore, Where tears of sor-row cease to flow.
No farewell hand will there be giv'n, No word to rack the heart with pain.
Then we'll find bliss without al-loy, And hear the sad good-by no more.

Bliss.

S. W. T. S. W. T.

1. There is a glorious world a - bove, No mor - tal eye can see,
2. In man-sions bright our rest will be, Where storms can beat no more,
3. No part - ing moments there can come, Or end to sweet repose,

Where we shall meet in per - fect love, When from this clay we're free.
And joys un - sul-lied we shall see, On that ce lestial shore.
No strife can reach that hap - py home, A moment's bliss to close.

Waiting at the river.

S. W. T.

1. A lit - tle while long - er to wait at the riv - er,
2. They'll o - pen the gates and in - vite us to en - ter,
3. A lit - tle while long - er this sow-ing in sor-row,

A lit - tle while long - er to watch on the shore;
The man-sion of rest when this jour - ney is o'er;
Will bring a rich har - vest for reap - ing in joy;

Ere we shall be - hold the pale boat-man come o - ver
A - round the great foun - tain of life we will center
And then with our sheaves we'll go home on the mor-row,

And take us a - cross to the loved ones of yore.
And drink from the stream that shall flow ev - er more.
To eat of the bread that is free from al - loy.

My Home is not here.

S. W. T. S. W. T.

1. There is a bright dwelling just o - ver the sea,
2. I oft - en by faith see that heav - en - ly land,
3. No fan - cy can paint so de - light - ful a scene,
4. A lit - tle while long - er and I shall be free

The Fa - ther of love hath e - rect - ed for me;
And lis - ten to strains from the an - gel - ic band;
As that with its bow - ers and hills ev - er-green;
To go from this mor - tal, those dear ones to see;

I know that His an - gels ere long will ap-pear,
My spir - it then knocks at its pris - on - house door,
The loved ones who've gone to re - pose in that sphere,
When mus - ing a - lone they will oft - en draw near

And bear me a - way, for my home is not here, not here.
And longs to fly home to that beau-tiful shore, bright shore.
Are call-ing me hence, for my home is not here, not here.
And whisper to me that my home is not here, not here.

Waiting on this Shore.

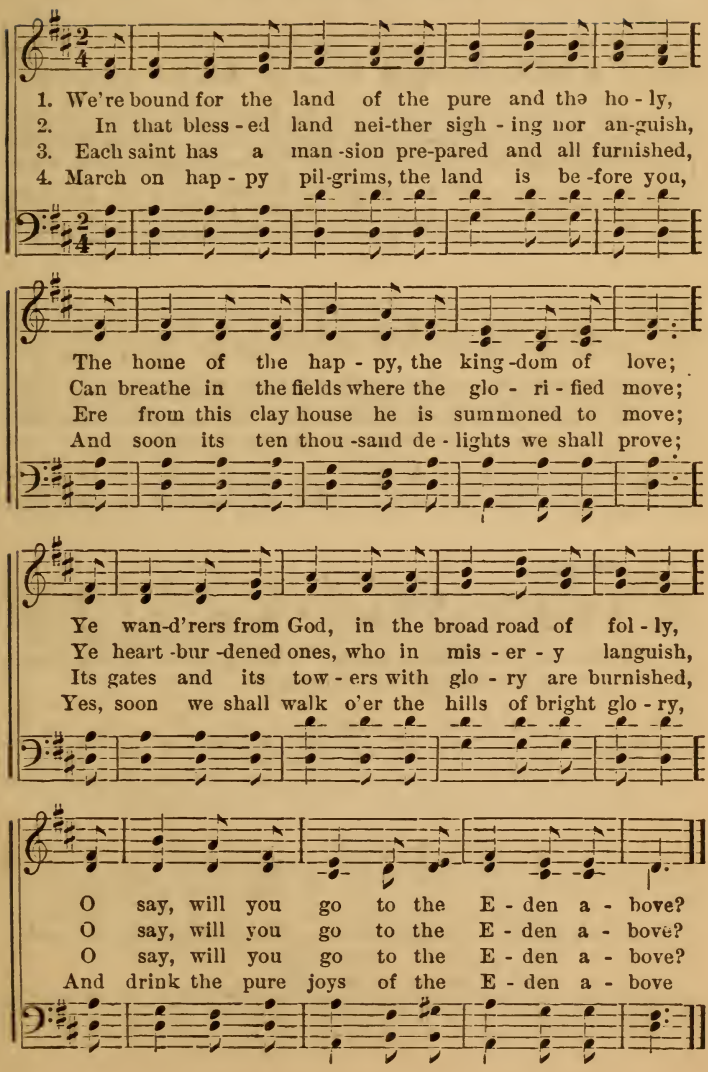
H. MARBLE. S. W. T.

1. Waiting on this shore, dear mother, Where the days seem ver - y long,
2. Far a-head my eyes are turning, But to catch the gleam of light,
3 With a feel-ing ver - y sol-emn, Do I see far in the blue,

For the glad and joyful summons, "Come and join the an-gel throng,"
That shall dawn to guide my footsteps To the land where comes no night,
One bright spot, oh, is it, mother, Heaven's light coming to my view,

All a - round the waves are beating With a deep and sul - len roar,
And the wa - ters of the riv - er, High-er rise and loud-er roar,
If it is, my cares have vanished, All my wea - ry toil is o'er,

And it seems I hear the an-gel Echoes, wait - ing on this shore.
While I stand here, darling mother, Stand here, wait-ing on this shore.
Soon my weary, wand'ring footsteps, Wait no lon - ger on this shore.


1. We're bound for the land of the pure and the ho - ly,
2. In that bless - ed land nei-ther sigh - ing nor an-guish,
3. Each saint has a man -sion pre-pared and all furnished,
4. March on hap - py pil-grims, the land is be -fore you,
The home of the hap - py, the king -dom of love;
Can breathe in the fields where the glo - ri - fied move;
Ere from this clay house he is summoned to move;
And soon its ten thou -sand de - lights we shall prove;
Ye wan-d'rers from God, in the broad road of fol - ly,
Ye heart -bur -dened ones, who in mis - er - y languish,
Its gates and its tow - ers with glo - ry are burnished,
Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright glo - ry,
O say, will you go to the E - den a - bove?
O say, will you go to the E - den a - bove?
O say, will you go to the E - den a - bove?
And drink the pure joys of the E - den a - bove

The happy spirit land.

1. We are bound a-cross the riv- er To our home beyond the tide;
2. When we reach the shining por-tal Of the ci - ty bright and fair,
3. We shall know the hands that beckon In the throng upon the shore,

There to meet the dear de-part - ed On the shore the oth -er side.
Ev'ry heart with joy shall gladden For we'll know each other there.
And we'll see fa-mil - iar fa - ces That we've seen in days of yore.

CHORUS.

There we'll all meet at home Ov-er on the golden strand,
meet at home, meet at home.

We will meet ne'er to part In the happy spir-it land.
ne'er to part, ne'er to part.

S. W. T.

1. There is rest beyond the stream, Where the lights celestial gleam,
2. Soon up - on the shining strand, We will hear the an-gel band,
3. Oh! how sweet 'twill be to meet, Where our bliss will be complete;

And we're pressing for the shore, Where we'll weary nev-er-more.
Singing "home, sweet home" at last Where the toil of earth is past.
Ev - er - more to dwell in love, Round the Father's throne above.

REFRAIN.

There we'll wea - ry nev- er-more, There we'll weary nev-er-more;
wea - ry wea - ry

We are pressing for the shore, There we'll weary nev - er-more.

Time is bearing us on.

*

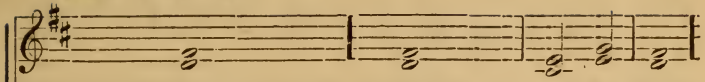
1. Time is bear - ing us on to our heav - en - ly home,
2. Time is bear - ing us on to our heav - en - ly home,
3. Just a lit - tle while long-er and we will be there,

Where af - flic - tion and sickness can nev - er - more come;
Where no storm-beat -en bil-lows can throw up their foam;
With the glo - ry - fied an -gels, white gar - ments to wear;

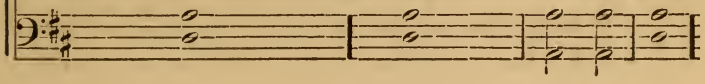
There the fountains of health will un - ceas - ing - ly play,
But the beau - ti - ful tints of the a - zure blue sky,
Thro' the land of the blest and the world of the free,

And the wa - ters of life wash dis - eas - es a - way.
Are a feast for the soul and de - light for the eye.
Ev - er on -ward and upward our jour - ney will be.

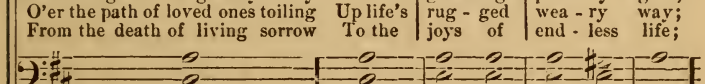
MISS M. T. SHELHAMAR.



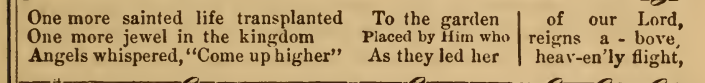
1. One more loved one gone before us, Gone to make our | path -way straight,
2. One more star in heaven is gleaming, Sheding forth a | gold - en ray
3. Angels called her from the mortal- Called her from its | sin and strife;



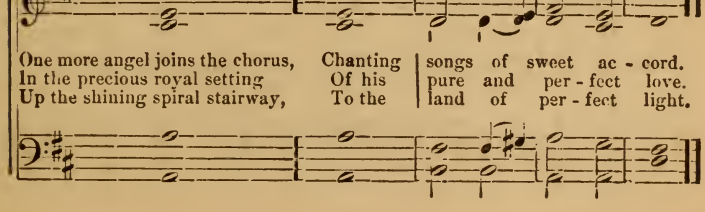
Stretching thro' the gloomy valley To the | gleaming | pearl - y gate;
O'er the path of loved ones toiling Up life's | rug - ged | wea - ry way;
From the death of living sorrow To the | joys of | end - less life;



One more sainted life transplanted To the garden | of our Lord,
One more jewel in the kingdom Placed by Him who | reigns a - bove,
Angels whispered, "Come up higher" As they led her | heav-en'ly flight,

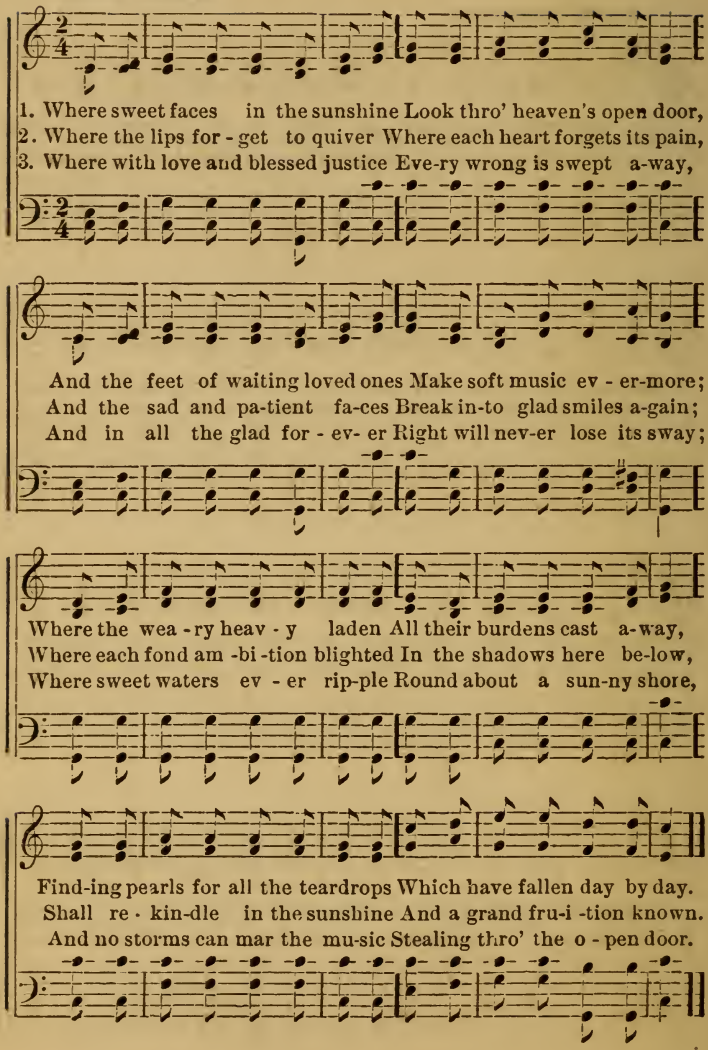


One more angel joins the chorus, Chanting | songs of sweet ac - cord.
In the precious royal setting Of his | pure and per - fect love.
Up the shining spiral stairway, To the | land of per - fect light.

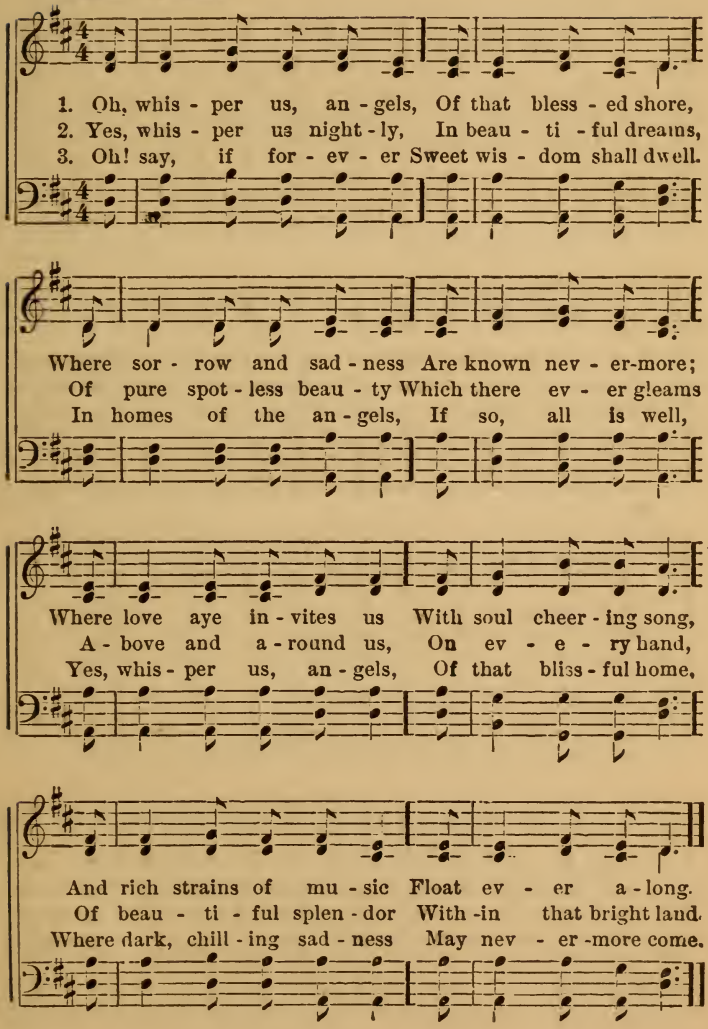


The by-and-by.

ELLA W. STAPLES.



MILTON H. MARBLE.



The Angel Ferry.

S. W. T. S. W. T.

1. I have journeyed be - low till I'm long - ing to rest
2. I have journeyed be - low with the friends at my side,
3. I have journeyed be - low till I al -most can see,

In the arms of the an - gels and land of the blest;
Ev - er read - y and will - ing my foot - steps to guide;
Thro' the shad- ows of earth where my rest is to be;

And I wait for the boat-man to fer - ry me o'er
While I wait for the boat-man to fer - ry me o'er
There I'll wait for no boat-man to fer - ry me o'er

To my heav - en - ly home where I'll wea - ry no more.
To my heav - en - ly home where I'll wea - ry no more.
For in that bliss- ful home I shall wea - ry no more.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

1. On-ly a step in the dark-ness, Guid-ed by in-fi-nate love,
2. And in the regions im-mor-tal, In the bright mansions above,

Pass-ing the veil that di-vid-eth Earth from the glo-ry a-bove.
Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty claim-ing All that is sa-cred to love.

Los-ing the care and the sor-row, Los-ingthe turmoil and strife;
In the pure light of the king-dom, Brighter than jewels can shine;

Gaining a peace never fail-ing Won in the bat-tle of life.
Eve ry fond tie thou hast cherished; Love is for-ev-er di-vine.

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